The Embleme of sion in Distress

The Embleme of sion in Distress

SION in Distress:

OR, THE

GROANS

OF THE

Protestant Church

For many Ages past:

Under the Cruel Tyranny of *Popish* Persecution and Merciless Torments.

Containing

Her Pathetical Complaint against the Reigning Sins of these Nations, whereby God is justly provoked to send down his Judgments upon us; and serious Exhortations to a timely and unfeigned Repentance.

As also,

The *Marks* of the *Antichristian Romish Church*; the *Arraignment* of the *Scarlet Whore*, and the *Complaints* of the *Persecuted Nations* against her, from the Primitive Times down to this present Year; with her final Doom and Sentence.

To which is added,

Sion's Relief and *Joyful Triumph* over all her Enemies.

LONDON: Printed, and are to be Sold by most Booksellers, 1692.

HARVARD COLLEGE
AUG 7 1918
LIBRARY

THE Hollis friend

Explanation of the Frontiſpiece.

A *Sion.* B *Her Children.* C *The Whore of Babylon.* D *The Beaſt upon which ſhe rides.* E *Angels* Sion *her up.* F *The two Witneſſes under the Beaſt's feet.* G *A Hand brandiſhes a flaming Sword.* * *Fiery darts (ſhot) at the Churches Enemies.* H *Bulls, Lyons, and ſeveral cruel Beaſts iſſue out of a Foreſt.* I *Locuſts attending the Beaſt.* K *The Pope.* L *A Boy with a Bell, Book and Candle.* M *A Biſhop ſetting the Faggots on fire.* N *The Devil helps to blow.* O *A Pile of Faggots to burn the Church.* P *A Cardinal.* Q *A Jeſuit.* R *A Fryer ſetting Fire to the Pile.* S *The Holy Water.*

THE Church in Emblem here environ'd ſtands,
Two Angels hold her ſupplicating Hands,
Who by Commiſſion from on high come down
For to preſent her with a ſtarry Crown.
The Pope, the Devil, and their Imps the while
With Torches kindle their prepared Pile.
The Beaſt is ridden by the Scarlet Whore,
She holds her Cup, and he the Church does gore.
Whilſt Sion *is by ſavage Beaſts begirt,*
Her frighted Children hold her by the Skirt.
But God's inflamed Sword and fiery Darts
Will pierce thoſe Monſters through their very hearts.

TO THE READER.

YOU are here presented with a *Reviv'd Poem*, and such Additions or Enlargements as make it very different from the two former Impressions. It is suited to the suffering *State* of the *Protestant Church*, shewing the *Causes* of her *Calamity*, with an Enumeration of *Prevailing Sins*; the *Plots* and *Contrivances* of *ROME* against *SION*; the Marks of the *Antichristian Beast* and *Scarlet Whore*, with her *Arraignment* and *Condemnation* (illustrated in difficult places with Marginal Notes.) Also extraordinary Discoveries of the Churches Redemption, and the approaching Glory of the Latter Days.

We lately have had a plain Prospect (by the Gracious Discoveries of Providence) of those Horrid and Execrable Plots, which the restless Adversary has contriv'd against the Peace and very Being of *SION*, and which were much in

the dark when my Muſe firſt bewail'd its Condition, and ſuſpected that this *Epidemical Miſchief* (ſince reveal'd) was then a hatching.

In a Subject of Grief, a quaint and ornamental Method is not to be expected: For an abrupt and ſobbing Delivery is more natural in the Delineations of Sorrow, than a ſtudied well-poiz'd and artificial Harangue. The Subject is Divine, and too lofty for ſo weak a *Muſe*; which I hope will oblige the Generous Reader to a candid and mild Conſtruction. I have writ according to the meaſure of what I have received, and have contributed my Mite (in a well meaning Style) to reduce us to our Selves.

Againſt the *Reigning Evils* which expoſe us to Temporal and Spiritual Enemies, many *Wholeſome Precepts* from *Scripture* and *Reaſon* are given.

The *Riſe*, *Progreſs* and *Perſecutions* of the *Man of Sin*, are ſuccinctly delivered, with the Evidence of approved *Hiſtorians* (ſome of them *Papiſts*) whoſe *Evidence* againſt *Themſelves* ought to be convincing. There can't be too many *Defendants* againſt ſo Vigorous an *Aſſailant* as *Rome* is.

There

To the Reader.

There are many Excellent Tracts that diſcover the *Villanies* of *Popery*, and I wiſh they were more common. It is a great comfort that the *Spirit of the Nation* is ſo much (and juſtly) incenſed againſt it. And that our *Parliament* is ſo Thorow and Reſolved to cruſh that *Intereſt*, whoſe *Principles* teach them to be to all *Hereticks* (for ſo they call *Proteſtants*) irreconcileable Enemies.

To promote the *Juſt Odium* of my *Native Country* againſt ſo *deſtructive* and *malignant* an *Enemy*, is (in part) the Deſign of this *Eſſay* being now continued to this preſent year, 1691; (and being of a ſmall bulk and price, may poſſibly come into more hands than larger Volumes.) If it contributes any thing in order to that End, it anſwers the Expectation of

Your Souls Well-Wiſher.

To his Friend the

AUTHOR,

ON

The First Impression.

WHat Muſe is this, that thus inſpires thy Brain,
And leads thy Genius *to ſo high a Strain?*
Muſt thy aſpiring Fancy now rehearſe
Thy Mothers Groans in an Elegiack Verſe?
Is Proſe too mean and unregarded now,
That ſtill in Verſe thou let'ſt the World know how
SION's *abus'd by* Rome's *Infernal Crew?*
How in her Blood they did their hands imbrew?
Let thy Endeavours proſper: Let them prove
To be Rome's *ſhame: A Token of thy Love*
To thy Diſtreſſed Mother (once the ſcorn
Of black-mouth'd Imps who are of Satan born.)
Aſpiring Soul! What from her Sorrows climb
To a Prophetick Spirit in thy Rhime!
Thou didſt foretel ſhe ſhould deliver'd be
From all thoſe Bloody Beaſts, whom thou didſt ſee
God will deſtroy, and will thy Mother make
Heav'ns Glory, and Earths Joy, for his Names ſake.
Jehovah *b'eſs thy Work, this Book, though ſmall,*
And make it prove a Preface to Rome's *Fall.*

Vale.

To

To my Friend the

AUTHOR,

UPON

His Reviv'd Poem.

HEre's Grief in Rapture! Who could thus infuse
All Strains of Sorrow? No Aonian Muse
Such Sacred Rhapsodies could e'er inspire:
Nor were they borrow'd from Apollo's Quire.
No Inspiration from the Thespian Spring,
Does teach our Poet in this mode to sing.
He sucks no Hippocrene, nor feeds upon
The fancy'd Dew of Pagan Helicon.
He mounts no Pegasus, nor gathers Drops
Distill'd by Clio from Parnassian Tops
These are but Whimsies ——— Some Seraphick Fire
His Muse did with this Morning Song inspire
Who can but, in the highest Notes of Grief,
Weep Tears in Verse, when SION wants Relief?
Such as from Art their lofty Strains do borrow,
Do but describe an Artificial Sorrow:
But his is purely Natural: For we
Perceive it comes from perfect Sympathy.
His clear discerning Soul her danger's sees
Approaching on by unperceiv'd degrees.
He gives us Warning to prevent the Stroke,
To leave our Sins, and Mercy to invoke.

Here's a Prophetick Glaſs, *where we may view*
The ſwift Deſtruction that will (elſe) enſue.
But Friend, *we thank thee that thou haſt not left us.*
Without ſome hope, nor has thy Book bereft us
Of Conſolation; for the SCARLET WHORE
Is there ſo ſentenc'd, that She'll riſe no more.

This may be Printed,

Sept. 8. 1690. *Rob. Midgley.*

SION.

SION in Distress:

OR, THE

GROANS

OF THE

Protestant Church.

SION.

WHat dismal *Vapour* (in so black a form)
Is this, that seems to *Harbinger* a Storm?
What pitchy *Cloud* invades our starry Sky,
To stop the Beamings of the World's *great Eye*?
What spreading Sables of *Egyptian* Night,
Would rob the Earth of its Illustrious Light?
What interposing *Fog* obscures our *Sun*?
What dire *Eclipse* benights our *Horizon*?
Is *England*'s Great and Royal *Bridegroom* fled?
Is its *Aurora* newly gone to Bed?
That scatter'd Clouds make such *prodigious* haste,
Combine in one, and re-unite so fast?
Clouds that so lately *dissipated* were,
Do now conspire to make a *Darker* Air!
I mourn *unpity'd*, groan without *Relief*!
No *bounds* nor *measures* terminate my grief!
The *Sluces* of mine Eyes are too too *narrow*
To vent the Streams of my increasing *Sorrow*.

Ebbs follow swelling Floods, and Vernal Days
Adorn the Fields that Winter disarrays:
All States and Things have their alternate ranges,
As Providence the Scene of Action changes.
All Revolutions, hurries to and fro,
At length some Rest and Settlement do know.
But helpless I, have often look'd about,
To find some Ease, or Soul-Refreshment out;
Yet can I see no prospect of *Relief*,
But *swift Additions* multiply my grief.
As *Pilgrims* wander in their deep distress
Amongst the wild rapacious *Savages*,
In pathless Desarts, where the Midnight howls
Of hungry *Wolves*, mixt with the screech of *Owls*,
And *Ravens* dismal croaks, salute the Ears
Of poor erratick trembling *Passengers*:
So I'm surrounded, so the *Beasts of Prey*
Conspire to take *my Life* and *Name* away.
My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint
For want of vent; i'm pregnant with complaint.
No Age nor Generation but has known
Some part of this my just and grievous moan.
But now I'm far more dangerously charg'd;
By *Bolder Foes* my sorrows are enlarg'd:
A hellish Tribe from black *Avernus* flew,
That, *Blood bound*-like, me and my Lambs pursue.
Lord ✠ *JESUS* come! O let my Cries invoke
Thy sacred presence to divert the stroke.
Are all my *Friends* withdrawn? what, is there none
Steps in to ease me of my grievous moan?

Sion's Friend.

WHat doleful noise salutes my wondring Ear?
What grief-expressing Note is that I hear?
Methinks the Accent of this Dismal Cry,
Bespeaks some one in great Extremity.

The

The shrilness of the mournful Voice bespeaks
A Womans loud and unregarded Shrieks.
The more her deep and piercing sobs I heed,
The more my Heart in sympathy does bleed.
Ah! who can find her out? Who can make known
The Author of this Heart-relenting Moan?
Doubtless, tho' Grief now seizes thus upon her,
She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour;
Of Royal Stem, extracted from Above,
Nurs'd in the Chambers *of the Fathers* Love;
Espoused to a most Illustrious Prince,
Who over all has Just Preheminence,
Monarch of Monarchs —— Sion! *Is it Thou!*
O mourn, my Soul! O let my Spirit bow!
Let all that love the Bridegroom *sigh for grief;*
For Sion *weeps as one past all Relief.*
But why, O Sion, *since thou art belov'd*
Of Heavens Supreme, *art thou so sadly mov'd?*
Why Arms expanded, *thus implore the Skies?*
Why streaming Rivulets, *flow from thine Eyes?*
This makes me wonder ——

Sion.

—— MY *forlorn* Estate
Is poor, unpity'd, mean and desolate;
I long have wander'd in the *Wilderness,*
Involv'd in trouble, kept in sore *Distress,*
In *Caves,* absconding from the *horrid Rage*
Of *Savage Beasts,* until this *latter Age*
I made Attempts to look a little *Out,*
The *Monster* spy'd me, and does search about;
The Roaring *Blood-Hounds,* greedy on the scent,
To *kill,* or *drive* me back again, are bent.
No *Interval* of Peace, no Rest they give,
Pronounce me *curst,* and *not fit to live:*

A *Dragon* fell, combined with the *Beast*
To *gore* my *Sides*, and spoil my *Interest*.
Th' old *Lion*, *Lionness*, and *Lion's Whelp*,
With dreadful Jaws, the other *Beasts* do help.
Dogs, *Bulls* and *Foxes*, *Bears* and *Wolves* agree
To rend, to tear, and make a spoil of me.
I that have been so delicately bred,
My Children at a Royal Table fed;
Am now expos'd to the Infernal Spite
Of such as do in Fire and Blood delight.
Plots hatch'd in *Hell* and *Rome*! that black design
To *stab a Monarch*; and to undermine
Our Ancient *Laws*, subvert *Religion*, and
Bow *England's* Neck to *Antichrist's* command,
Were but *Preludiums* to that dismal Urn
(As martyr'd heaps in flaming *Smithfield* burn)
Design'd for *Protestants*, and all the Rest
Who have *Rome's* Idol, th' *Image of the Beast*.
I am the *Mark* the Monsters aim at: All
Their grand designs were to contrive my *fall*.
If Friends or others any Favours show,
They straight conspire to work their *Overthrow*.
Ah vile *Conspiracy*! Ah cursed *PLOT*!
So deeply laid! How canst thou be *forgot*?
Hells grand *Intreagues* ne'er introduc'd a *Brat*
Into the World, so horrible as that.
Since *Rome* the Western cheated *Monarchs* rid,
A *Rampant WHORE*, the horned Beast bestrid.
Disgorging *Plots*, employing hellish *Actors*:
May all our *Off-spring* Execrate such *Factors*!
Sion forlorn! How very few regard
Thy *cries* and *tears*, mens *hearts* are grown so hard!
In restless Hurries, toss't with every Wind,
No Ease, no Peace, no Comfort can I find.
The horrid Aspect of these *Monsters* do
Affright my *Children*, some they worry too;

On

On ſome they *ſeize*, like greedy *Beaſts* of prey,
And to their *Dens* the *Sacrifice* convey.
Renowned *GODFREY*! (whoſe immortal glory,
Martyr'd for me, ſhall ever live in Story)
Let every Loyal *Eye* that ſees it there,
Yield to his Name the Tribute of a *Tear*.
Brave Soul! Thy Love and Loyalty do claim
That *King* and *People* ſhould record thy *Name*,
As *England*'s *Victim*, ne'er to be forgot,
Faſt'ning on *Rome* an everlaſting Blot.
The Great *Jehovah*, who is only Wiſe,
Permits thy Fall as a ſweet Sacrifice.
Thy Barb'rous Murther has made clearly out
That *Plot* which none but *Infidels* can doubt.
Thoſe bloody *Varlets*, black *Aſſaſſinates*,
Curs'd Executioners of *Rome*'s Debates,
Drunk with *Infernal Cruelty*, made Thee
A *Specimen* of *England*'s Tragedy.
By Thee we learn what *Courteſie* to hope
From *Romiſh Butchers*, Vaſſals to the *Pope*.
Thou led'ſt the Van, to fall into the *Trap*,
From whence they ſay no *Proteſtant* ſhall 'ſcape.
Pure Innocence Trepann'd, amongſt them came,
Without ſuſpicion (like a harmleſs Lamb)
Whilſt they, like hungry *Tygers*, ready ſtood
T'embrue their *Tallons* in thy guiltleſs *Blood*.
Thou little thought'ſt ſuch an Infernal Snare
Had been thus laid to trap Thee unaware!
'Tis ſtrange, *ſay ſome*, what *Reaſon* ſhould *engage*
Them to make Thee the *Object* of their Rage?
The Cauſe was thus: The *Babyloniſh Whore*,
Big with a *Baſtard*, long'd (as heretofore)
For *Chriſtian Blood*; her Favourites made haſte,
In her great need to help her to a *Taſte*;
Of choiceſt Liquors this ſhe calls the firſt
To chear her ſinking heart, and quench her thirſt.

Fearing

Bearing *Miſcarriage*, when her Spirits faint,
She drinks the *Hearts Blood of ſome martyr'd Saint.*
Than *Horſe-leech* more inſatiable, ſhe cries,
Give, give me that, or nothing will ſuffice
My Craving Breaſt: *my pleaſure muſt be done:*
This Heretick *was a Pragmatick One;*
He knew my Secret Clubs, *and would reveal*
My Tragick Plots: *We muſt* prevent *his Zeal.*
We'll ſtrangle *Him, before He gives a glimpſe*
Of our Deſigns, *or countermines our* Imps.
Ah *Brutiſh Whore*! of *Cannibals* the worſe;
This *bloody Draught* has brought an endleſs Curſe
On thee: And laſting *Calenders* we ſee
Records this Inſtance of thy Cruelty.
This *Loyal Knight* ne'er injur'd you, but ſtood
Diſcharging *Juſtice* for his Countries good.
Will nought but Blood of *Proteſtants* give eaſe
Or quench your *thirſt*? What miſchievous *Diſeaſe*
Infects your *Bowels*? Muſt your Churches Food
Be fleſh of Saints? Your mornings draught, their blood?
Fellonious Strumpet! Muſt you be ſo bold;
To ſteal by Night into your Neighbours *Fold*?
Seize on my *Lambs*? Thy *Theft* and *Cruelty*,
As well as *Murther*, ſhall revenged be.
But ſince He's *gone*, and *Juſtice* does purſue
With eager ſteps th' *Aſſaſſinating* Crew,
We'll acquieſce: For *Heaven* ſeems to call
For Tears Ceſſation at his *Funeral*:
Let Chriſtians, offer, through the Univerſe,
Whole *Hecatombs* upon his bleeding Herſe.
And could their Tears increaſe into a Flood,
'Twere no exceſs — So much I prize his Blood.
But *other* grounds of Grief are in mine Eye,
Which cauſe my Sorrows to advance ſo high,
That my o're-burthen'd Heart can ſcarce expreſs
The nature of my *inward* Heavineſs.

Sion's Friend.

SIon, *Thy sad and bitter Lamentation*
Does move my very Soul unto Compassion:
But say, what Cause *does aggravate your Fears,*
And thus provokes *to further Cries and Tears?*

Sion.

IF that my *Head were Waters*, and each *Eye*
A brim-full *Fountain*, I could drein 'em dry.
I'm steep'd in *brackish Floods*, nay almost drown'd
To see how *Sin does ev'ry where abound.*
Where e'er I am, I nought can see or hear,
But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.
It breaks my heart that *England* thus should be
A *Scène* for *Actors* of Debauchery.
What *perpetrations* of the *blackest* Crimes
Appear not *bare-fac'd* in our present times?
Tho' God (incens'd) has fearful *Judgment* sent
To humble *Men*, and move them to *repent*;
Yet they proceed in foul Impenitence,
And aggravate their horrid Insolence;
Seeming to bid Defiances to Heaven,
Scorning to take the dreadful *Warnings* given.
The sweeping *Plague* (that Messenger of Wrath)
In such as 'scap'd, small Reformation hath
Produc'd! Nor has the desolating *Fire*
(A perfect Token of God's flaming *Ire*)
Remov'd the *City's Pride*; 'twas great before
And now it seems to multiply much more.
Fantastick *Garbs*, and *Antick* Modes declare
How much from *Pride* their *Souls* reformed are;
Tho' *want*, tho' *poverty*, and loss of *Trade*,
Do many Men and Families invade;
Yet do they vaunt in *pride* and *luxury*,
As if they had vast *Mines* of Treasures by.

Some

Some know not what to *eat*, nor how to *go*,
Yet on the *Poor* will no Compaſſion ſhow:
(Whoſe unregarded *Cries*, unheeded *Moans*,
Whoſe unreliev'd *Diſtreſs*, unpity'd *Groans*,
Can ſcarce extort a Mite) ſuch do not grudge
To purchaſe Hell at deareſt Rates, and drudge
To pleaſe their brutiſh luſts, who void of meaſure
Conſume Eſtates to *wantonize* in Pleaſure,
Tumbling in Riot (as proud *Dives* ſate)
Whilſt *Lazarus* lies ſtarving at the Gate.

A Complaint of Oaths.

Volleys of *Oaths*, with horrid Blaſphemy,
And dreadful Curſings, in mine Ears do cry.
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,
Obſerve the mode how they each other greet.
What new-coin'd *oaths*, what modiſh *execrations*?
What damning, ſinking, horrid Imprecations
Do they diſgorge? The Serpent's fiery hiſs,
That belches Sulphur from the black Abyſs,
Can ſcarce out-do this Ranting-Tribe, who count
The Man Genteel that is moſt paramount
In wickedneſs, he that blaſphemes aloud
Chriſts blood and wounds, is Courtier alamode.
How can th' abuſed Earth but gape again,
To ſwallow quick vile Wretches ſo prophane!
Can Heavens great Artillery ſo long
Forbear the Treaſons of a mortal Tongue?
Jehovah's Attributes ſo vilely us'd!
His Sacred Eſſence and his Name abus'd.
Freſh Blaſphemies thy mint, new Curſes frame,
And Sins that never had before a Name.
Graduates in Courtſhip are preferr'd, who made
Moſt quick proficience in a helliſh Trade:
Such rant and roar, ſuch revel, domineer,
As if not God nor Devil they did fear.

Approach-

Approaching dangers cann't diſturb their pleaſure
But ſtill they ſin until they fill their meaſure.
Judgments deferr'd, in evil makes them bold,
Deſpiſing ſuch by whom they are controll'd.
As if th' avenging Hand their Lives did ſpare,
Thus to provoke Him without dread or fear.
But poor Blaſphemer, when thou art paſt by,
'Tis not t'indulge thee in iniquity.
Think'ſt thou the God of Purity does like
Such ways, becauſe he yet forbears to ſtrike?
Do'ſt think a gloomy interpoſing Cloud,
From God's all-ſearching Eye can be thy ſhroud?
Or that becauſe he is enthron'd on high,
Thy Deeds of Darkneſs He cannot eſpy?
Or ſince his Judgments are ſo long delay'd,
Wilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid?
Wilt thou His Patience without end abuſe,
Slight true Repentance, and his Grace refuſe?
If ſo, thy Judgment haſtens —— For a Rod
Will quickly reach thee from an angry God.
Becauſe of Oaths the Land does greatly mourn,
For which my Soul much inward grief has born.

Sion diſtreſs'd by Drunkenneſs.

Do'ſt thou not ſee how filthy *Drunkenneſs*
Does reign in City, and in Villages?
Some *reel* and *wallow in the ſtreet*, like *Swine*,
Whilſt *others boaſt their ſtrength* in *drinking Wine*:
Although to ſuch, God doth *denounce a Curſe*,
They mind it not, but ſtill grow worſe and worſe.
Dread not Examples of God's wrath at all,
Nor what to Drunkards does ſo oft befal:
Altho' God's Word has dreadful Warnings given,
That Drunkards never ſhall inherit Heaven,
But that their lot ſhall with damn'd Spirits be,
In Chains of Darkneſs to Eternity.

They

They drink, carouſe, and waſt their jolly breath,
Upon the brink of *Everlaſting Death.*
Whate'er enſues, they are reſolv'd they will
Carouſe full Goblets, and be filthy ſtill.
Thus Men by *Pride*, by *Oaths*, by *VVorldineſs*,
By *daily ſwallowing Liquors to Exceſs*,
Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke,
To cauſe his Vengeance on the Land to ſmoak.
Sin ſets the door wide open, and makes way
For all the ſorrows of th' approaching day.
Theſe are in part the cauſe of *England*'s Wo,
And will (if Grace prevents not) it undo.
But there are other hainous Sins behind,
Which pierce my Bowels, and perplex my mind.

A complaint of Whoredom, Adultery, &c.

Did filthy *Luſt* and *VVhoredom* ever rage
With more ſucceſs than in the preſent Age?
Abominations of ſo vile a Name,
That their bare mention is indeed a ſhame.
What Sin more hateful in *Jehovah*'s Eye,
Than this of *VVhoredom* and *Adultery*?
'Tis rank'd as Chief, and marches in the Van
Of all the groſs Debaucheries of Man,
In thoſe black Muſter-Rolls God does record
Of grand Offences in his holy Word.
What more affronts the *Second Table*? Or,
Provokes the Lord? No fitter Metaphor
Could be produc'd t'expreſs *Idolatry*,
Than that abhorred Name, *Adultery*.
Beſides the Terrors of Gods fiery Wrath,
Which judges ſuch to everlaſting Death;
On Earth, amongſt all ſober Men, they gain
So vile a blot, ſo infamous a ſtain,
As all the Waters in the Sea can nev'r
Wipe off, nor can it be forgot for ever.

But

But O what dismal Consequences wait
For speedy entrance at the Wretches gate!
For lewd Embraces of lascivious Dames
Will rot their *bones*, breed cankers in their *names*,
Beget Consumption in Estate and Purse,
Produce Destruction, and a certain Curse:
The common ends that such arrive unto,
Are foul Diseases, Beggery and Wo.
They're sottish Fools (says wise *Demosthenes*)
That buy Repentance at such Rates as these:
That sin, to please an Enemy, that strives
To damn their Souls, and rob them of their lives.
God in his Sacred * Ordinances hath * *Lev.*
Appointed such to an immediate Death. 20. 10.
Would Men but judge it as their greatest Foe,
They'd never love, nor hug it as they do.
Each Sex is bad, but Women seem to be
The very Brokers of Immodesty;
Which makes that passage to be born in mind,
A wise and vertuous VVoman who can find?
Your *City-Dames* and *Ladies* are on fire
With wanton passion, and unchast desire;
Providing Meats on purpose to inflame
Their pamper'd Gallants to their wonted shame.
Bare Breasts and naked Necks, a Harlots Dress,
Are strong Temptations unto Wickedness.
All other sins (th' Apostle does declare)
Which Men commit, without the Body are:
But this abominable Act alone,
Against his Body by a Man is done.
Marriage to all, the Undefiled Bed,
Is Honourable; he that will, may wed:
But Whoremongers God judges, and they shall
Be cast into the Lake, both great and small.
The *VViseman* calls th' *Adulterer*, *A Fool*;
And well he may, for he destroys his Soul.

No

No Sots like them, for branded, ſtill they ſhow
The Marks of Folly whereſo'er they go.
O how th' unclean and bruitiſh Man exceeds
Inferiour Sinners in reproachful Deeds!

My Grievances are many, and my Fear
Is more than my diſtreſſed Soul can bear:
My panting Breaſt and aking Heart is ſad,
To think of what I further have to add.

Sion diſtreſs'd by Atheiſm.

But O amazing Maſter-piece of wonder!
That's like to rend my very heart aſunder,
When I conſider that an Age of Light
Produces Monſters blacker than the Night:
A *curſed Tribe* of wretched *Atheiſts* dare,
Without all *Dread* and *Reverential Fear*,
Strike at the *Eſſence* of the *Great Jehove*,
And all the *Glories* that reſide Above:
As if *meer Fancies of a Cloudy Brain*,
And *all Religion* an *Intreague of Man*:
That dare pronounce all *Evangelick Law*
A Trick of State to keep the World in awe.
Creating Idols in their Brains; that even
Make *mocks of Hell*, and a *meer ſcorn of Heaven*.
But can ſuch *Fancies* challenge an abode
Within your Hearts, to *diſ-believe a GOD*?
On th' *univerſal Fabrick* caſt an Eye,
The Sea, the Earth, and the expanded Sky:
Can ſo Sublime Illuſtrious an Effect
Be form'd without a Glorious Architect?
If Reaſon be your Rule, true Logicks Laws
Pronounce Effects reſulting from a Cauſe,
Whoſe Order lead us to Infinity,
Sure Arguments of a Divinity.
Created Things muſt a Creator have;
And that Begetter who firſt Being gave

To

To Essences produc'd, can't be Begot;
He's therefore GOD, and other else is not.
This *Causa Prima*, without Time or Date,
Is he that did all Entity create.
The First could not himself create; so He
Must have His Essence from Eternity.
Who can make *Phœbus* his swift Course reverse?
Or balance in his Palm the Universe?
Who can the Ocean in a Sieve confine?
If none can do't, then none can GOD define.
First Principles are beyond Definition;
No Logick reaches at so high a Vision:
'Tis unreveal'd to Reason, for no strain
Of lofty Metaphysicks can contain
Those Mysteries; true Wisdom therefore hath
Commanded Reason to give room to Faith.
If what we see had not a first Creator,
Then 'tis its own immediate Operator;
If so, it acts before it had a Being:
But such Conclusions are too disagreeing
With Reasons Maxims: For all things that be,
May say they are their own Divinity,
If each can make it self, and that which can
Create it self, can so it self sustain
In Infinitum, and will ne'er dissolve
Its self; for Nature's principal Resolve
Is, That no Essence will forbear to be,
If it can keep up its own Entity.
This strain of Atheistick Sophistry
Makes all of equal Independency.
Without Subordination: 'Tis a Theam,
Without Inferior, making all Supreme.
FIRST CAUSE supposes *Time*, and *Time* supposes
Some *second Acts*, which *After-time* discloses.
So view their Series, you may trace them all
(As Links in Chains) to their Original,

The

The Great *JEHOVAH*, whoſe unfathom'd Glory,
Is emblem'd in the Univerſe before ye.
There is a thing in Man call'd *CONSCIENCE*,
Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,
Whether he likes or not: That's ready ſtill
To check the Courſe of his diſorder'd Will:
It is Eccentrick to his ſenſual Part,
Arraigns his Words, his Deeds, his very Heart;
And if it finds they be irregular,
It does purſue them with continual War.
What can this Juſt, this Inward Witneſs be,
But ſome bright Beam of a Divinity?
In former times was not *Jehovah* known
By Miracles which viſibly were ſhown?
Can Reaſon brag that Cauſes Natural
Could raiſe the Dead? Or that a Word can call
An *Intomb'd Carcaſs* to behold the Light?
Make *ſound a Cripple?* give the *blind* their *ſight*?
If not, then ſurely it will follow hence,
That 'tis an *Act* of ſome *Omnipotence*:
That ſuch were done we have the *Common Vote*
Of *Pagans*, *Jews*, and all the *Men of Note*;
Whoſe *VVorks* are extant, whom we may believe,
Becauſe they had no *Int'reſt* to *deceive*. hear,
Whence come thoſe *Judgments* which you daily
Of *VVrath* and *Vengeance* darted every where
Againſt *Prophaners* of that *Sacred Name*?
Whence come thoſe *Arrows*, that *Conſuming flame*
Which terrifies the World? and whence the *breath*
That ſtrikes *Blaſphemers* with a *ſudden Death*?
Wlſich of theſe *rare Philoſophers* can ſhow
What makes the *Spacious Deep* to *ebb* and *flow*?
Let them produce their *Maxims*, if they can,
How ſcatter'd Atoms can compoſe a Man?
Who *brandiſhes* thoſe *blazing Signs* of *VVonder*?
Who *frights the Earth* with *rapid peals* of *Thunder*?

Who

Who did defeat the *Fatal Enterprize*
Which *Rome*, by *Devils Counſel*, did deviſe?
Who ſets the *Comet* in the *angry Sky*,
Thoſe *diſmal Harbingers of Miſery*;
God does *Himſelf* by many *Ways* make known;
Forewarning Men of what's a coming on:
Yet *Senſeleſs Mortals* faulter more and more,
Though *hovering Vengeance* threaten at the Door;
Deceit, *Soul-killing-Errors*, *Perjury*,
Injuſtice, *Murther*, *Theft*, *Hypocriſie*,
Do ſo abound through our enlightned Iſle,
That *Sodom* hardly e'er appear'd more vile.

A Complaint againſt Hypocrites.

I am not only perſecuted by
My *Open Foes*, but *Lurking Snakes* do lie
Within my Boſom, uſing all their Art
To ſeize my Vitals, and corrode my Heart.
Such *ſeeming Friends*, ſuch *Traytors* in *diſguiſe*,
Are more malignant than *known Enemies:*
For the Attaques of *Theſe* a Man may ward;
Thoſe, unſuſpected, ſtand within our Guard.
How many ſeem to reverence my Name
For worldly Ends, or to avoid the ſhame
Of Irreligion? Frequently they go
To worſhip God, and ſo devout do ſhow,
As if meer *Saints*; but *Hypocrites* in grain,
Do all the while Intelligence maintain
With my declared Foes, who proudly join,
And all their Politicks in one combine,
To root my Name from off the very Earth,
And make proviſion that no more get Birth.
Betray'd by *middle*, and by *low Degrees*,
But moſt of all by imbred Enemies,
Such as my Peace and Safety ſhould procure,
Contribute moſt to make me unſecure:

Such

Such ſeem their *purpoſe* by ſoft *words* to ſmother
So *Boatſmen look one way, but row another.*
Such Enemies that have the Art to *ſmile*
Upon my *Face*, but *cut my Throat* the while.
But grant, Dread Sovereign of the Univerſe,
That whilſt I weep my Grievances in Verſe,
Thy Sion's *Intereſt may not be betray'd*
To Rome, *by ſuch as are in* Maſquerade.
O let me hear the Joyful Trumpet ſounded,
That does proclaim their Babylon *confounded.*
Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,
Annoying *Europe* in unuſual Swarms.
This critick moment they expect and hope
To thruſt *Me* out, and introduce a *Pope*,
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been
A Wall, a Fort, a Counterſcarp between
Their bauling Canons moſt impetuous ſhots,
And *forreign Saints* that *countermine* their *Plot.*
The deſp'rate Archers are aware of this,
They know that *England* the chief Bulwark is,
To check their growth: If they could make it ſup
Th' invenom'd dregs of th' Antichriſtian Cup,
They judge it eaſie to ſubdue the reſt
Of my *European* Goſpel-Intereſt.
But, O my melting Soul-tormenting Fears!
Burſt into Sighs, and bubble into Tears!
Obſerve the Heavens! View that dreadful Mark
Of flaming Vengeance that precedes the dark
Approach of Night! Can this vaſt *Comet* be
Ought but the Prologue of Calamity?
Prodigious Meteors, blazing fiery Stars,
Are Heralds ſent to menace open Wars
Againſt rebellious and polluted Coaſts,
By Him who is the mighty Lord of Hoſts.
Awake, O *England*! this *Lethargick Sleep*
Is out of *Seaſon*, 'tis a time to *weep*;

If

If *guilty Children* tremble at the *Rod*,
Can you be *stupid* when the *Angry God*
Sets up this *dreadful Ensign* of his *Wrath*?
Rouze up *Repentance*, let a *lively Faith*
Now go to work; See how the *Preaching Air*
Instead of *Sinning*, does exhort to *Prayer*;
For thy *Fantastick Garbs*, *Perfumes* and all
Thy other *Trash*, it doth for *Sackcloth* call:
From *Carnal Sports* it *bids thee* quickly get,
Calls from thee *Taverns* to the *Mercy-seat*.
From that accursed *Rendezvous* of Lust
It bids thee *hasten*, and *repent in Dust*.
Have not th' Experience of *past Ages* given
Their sad *Remarks* upon those *Signs* in Heaven?
What *follow'd* still, but *certain Spoil of Nations*?
Plagues, *Fire* and *Sword*, and other *Devastations*?
The sure *Eversion* of some *Potent Crown*;
The Death of *Heroes*, *Monarchs* tumbled down.
But thou, *Illustrious Architect* of *Wonder*,
Remove the *Sorrows* which I *labour under*.
Does this *Amazing Prodigy* betoken
That *Rampant Babel* shall be quickly broken?
Does it *portend* that *Antichrist* shall break
In pieces, striving to *destroy* the *Weak*
Remains that on this blessed Name do call?
Or dos't *presage*, that (trembling) I shall fall?
Lord, canst thou see thy *pleasant Vineyard* tore,
And rooted up, by this *rapacious Boar*?
Or have my *Childrens* crying *Sins* provok'd
That *dismal Sentence*, not to be *revok'd*?
(God's Methods were to *chasten*, not *destroy*
Those *Sinning Souls* in whom he once took *joy*)
O give thy *Sinking Church* a *true discerning*
What thou dost mean by this *prodigious Warning*;
That by thy *Spirits sacred Flame* calcin'd,
By *Scourges mended*, and by *heat* refin'd,

We may find *Grace.* But oh! My Spirits faint
Under the pressure of my *Great Complaint!*
My *panting Soul* another grief doth feel,
My *Feeble Knees* beneath their burden reel.

Sion's Children.

AH Mother! who can disallow your moan?
The Cause is just, for every one must own
Our failings great, and that our sins provoke
Impending Judgments, and a future Stroke,
If interceding Mercy steps not in
To ward the blow, and cancel not out Sin.
But since unthought of Providence *gives light,*
And calls the Sun to see the Acts of Night;
Since Heav'n exposes the Results *of* Rome
To Publick Notice; *since the Traytor's come*
To Legal Execution; since the grand
Contrivers of this Mischief dare not stand
To Test of Law, or due Examination;
Since such brave Heroes *represent the Nation,*
Whose clear sagacious penetrating Eyes
Dive into Rome's *abhorred Mysteries:*
Whose Nobler Souls, whose loyal English Hearts,
The closest Slights of Antichristian Arts
Can ne'er deceive; whose brave Resolves defeat
Those curs'd Delinquents, whether small or great:
Whose Free-born Courages do scorn to stoop
To be the Vassals of a doating Pope,
An Upstart Imp, whose Title ne'er was given
By binding Laws of either Earth or Heaven.
We therefore, dearest Mother, do conclude,
That what has past of Romish Interlude,
Is near an Exit; *that the Scene will be*
Chang'd from a Tempest to Serenity;

Sion

Sion.

O That's a *Cordial*! But my *grief* does borrow
Some freſh *Objections* to renew my ſorrow:
For ſome that ſeem to *wiſh me well*, in ſpite
Of Goſpel Beamings, and the cleareſt Light,
Retain ſome fond opinions, which diſpleaſes
The meek, the humble, ſelf-denying JESUS.
His way of Worſhip, Scripture does expreſs;
No uſeleſs Pomp, no artificial Dreſs
Becomes Religion; Chaſtity abhors
The *Garb*, the *Painting*, and the *Gate* of *Whores*.
Why ſhould we then a Virgin-Church pollute?
With any Relicks of that Proſtitute?
But raze thoſe things that never had a Name
In ſacred Records, leſt our ſelves we ſhame?
Why ſhould our *Rites* enamel'd be with *Gloſs*?
Why muſt our *Gold* be mingled with their *Droſs*?
So 'tis when *Reformation* is ſuppreſt,
T'uphold a *Grandeur* when 'tis not the beſt.
When *Doors* and *Windows* they are ſhut up quite,
'Tis but to ſtop the Radiance of the *Light*.
And why muſt ſuch as diſſallow thoſe Tricks,
Be branded as the vileſt *Schiſmaticks*?

But that's not all: My Children more refin'd
From thoſe Corruptions, do afflict my mind.
O depths of Sorrow that diſturb my Reſt!
O racking Grief that rends my woful Breaſt!
Some are ſo Carnal, ſome ſo ſwiftly hurl'd
Into the Labyrinths of th'inticing World,
That in the hurries of that crouded Road,
They find ſmall leaſure to attend their God;
Preferring filthy Gain, and ill-got Wealth,
Before the means of their Eternal Health.
Some that in words reſpect me, I behold
In that ſad poſture, betwixt hot and cold.

Sometimes they ſeem for Sanctity; ſometimes
Slide with the current of prevailing Crimes:
Their Pulſes beat with an alternate motion;
Now for the *World*, then for ſome faint *Devotion*.
Some that unto my Tabernacles were
Admitted, left me for *Ægyptian* Fare:
Theſe not content with my Celeſtial Diet,
Do run with others to exceſs of Riot.
Some, to be *Popular*, away would give
Thoſe *Goſpel-Duties* that are *poſitive*:
From ſuch as theſe, my Sorrows do increaſe,
That ſell *God's Order* for a *ſeeming Peace*;
Such open Gaps that do *pervert* the Laws
Of my juſt *Right*, and well-defended *Cauſe*.
But O! how many *Eaſie Chriſtians* take
Their *Reſt* in *Forms*, and no *diſtinction* make
'Twixt Shell and Kernel, that rely on *Duty*
As if it were the ſole adorning Beauty?
Such give the Lord the more invalid part,
Preſent their Body, but deny their Heart.
Are not ſome *Paſtors* careleſs to provide
A *Word in ſeaſon*, for the *Flocks* they guide?
Some are too backward to ſupply the *Need*
Of *painful Lab'rers*, that their *Souls* do feed:
Diſcourag'd by cloſe-fiſted *Avarice*,
Deſpis'd, neglected, through this *Helliſh Vice*.
My *Workmen languiſh*, and have cauſe to *moan*,
To ſee their *Toil* ſo ineffectual grown.
The moſt Prophetick Preaching ſcarce can move
Some *Rocky Hearers* to the Grace of *Love*.
Muſt *Hag-fac'd Envy*, and *foul-tongu'd Detraction*,
Invenom'd *Malice*, and unfaithful *Action*,
Ill-grounded *Slander*, and uncertain *Rumors*,
Backbitings, *Quarrels* and the worſt of *Humors*
Be practis'd thus? Ah grief of griefs to ſee
Profeſſing People act Iniquity

To

To ſuch a Pitch! ——— Some *Husbands* and ſome (*Wives*
Do lead ſuch ſhameful, ſuch unſavory Lives;
Whilſt mutually at ſtrife, they do impeach
That Name that ſhould be very dear to each:
Such Pride, ſuch ſurly, dogged *reprehenſion*
For every Toy, ſuch ſharpneſs and contention,
As does diſgrace *Religion*, and does lay
Blocks and Offences in a *Convert*'s way.
Ah! why can't Saints in Families eſchew
That which *mere Heathens* are aſham'd to do?
Their Houſes are the Scene of *Civil Wars*,
Of Brawls, of Diſcord, and *Domeſtick Jars*.
In grace or comfort can they find increaſe,
Or *Heavenly Bleſſings*, who are void of Peace?
How oft do *Parents* Ill Example draw
Their tender Children to infringe the Law
And Sanctions of the Everlaſting God:
Do they not ſpoil them when they ſpare the Rod?
To ſtrict Extremes ſome Parents do adhere,
Check not at all, or elſe are too ſevere:
On *Back* and *Belly* they beſtow much Coſt,
But care not if their precious Souls be loſt:
Are they not guilty of prodigious Folly
That teach them *Courtſhip*, & neglect what's *Holy*?
A Child untutor'd (a mere lump of Sin)
May juſtly curſe its cauſe of having been.
Such as inſtruct, do doubly them beget,
By timely Leſſons lab'ring to defeat
Their growth in Ill; ſuch mold their *better part*,
By wiſe prevention of a canker'd heart.
O! then's the time to give 'em Form and Mold;
For Trees admit no bending that are Old.
Who timely ſow ſuch *ſeed* they would have grow,
Will ſurely reap according as they ſow.

Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,
Prompt on a Child to tip his Tongue with ill
In his first Prattle; But it is less pain
To form good Habits, than reform the vain.
On th' other hand, how many Children do
Prove vain, rebellious, disobedient to
Their *godly Parents*? Slight their careful teaching,
Makes Games of Prayer, and a Mock of Preaching.
Contempt of Parents of what kind so e'er,
Contracts a bitter Curse, which every where
Will find them out. But, oh my aking Soul,
Beats sad Alarms of Grief! I must condole
The dismal Fate of Youth! Alas how few
The ways of God and Holiness pursue!
But very eager to obey the Devil,
In quickly learning every reigning Evil.
Here you may see, if you survey the Nation,
Our Youth grown old in vile abomination;
Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,
Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud defiance.
Let Grace and Vertue grovel in the Dust,
Their Youth and Strength they'l sacrifice to Lust.
That sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,
To mind their Maker in the Days of Youth,
They scorn to heed; ah fools! that would begin
Conversion, when they can no longer sin.
But know, prepostrous Sots, the Day of Doom
(That dreadful Audit of Accounts) will come.
How dare you run this vile *Career*, till Death,
Like a *Grim Serjeant*, comes t'arrest your breath?
When *Tongues* do faulter, & your *Eyestrings* crack,
When stings of Horror do your *Conscience* rack,
When Hells *Abyss* sets ope its spacious Gate,
And *Troops of Devils* round about you wait;
When nought but *Horror* and *Confusion* seizes,
Upon your Senses, when those *foul Diseases*

You

You got by vile *Debauches*, have at length
Deſtroy'd your Perſon, and ſubdu'd your *Strength*?
Is this a Seaſon to deteſt your Lewdneſs,
To talk of *Vertue*, or pretend to Goodneſs?
Egregious Fools! how dare you to delay
Your Souls Affair to that *uncertain Day*!
O! Can you truſt ſo *grand a Work* to that
Moment of *Anguiſh*? when you know not what
(When Sound) your end will be, nor yet how ſoon,
Though brisk at *Morning*, you may die e'er *Noon*!
And if unchang'd, your certain *Doom* will be
To lye in *Hell* to all *Eternity*.

Sion's Children.

O Diſmal State! O miſerable Caſe!
Enough to daunt all that are void of Grace!
And cruſh the bragging of the ſtouteſt mind!
But are there ſtill more grievances behind?

Sion.

STill more behind? O that there were no more!
Since they're too many that I've told before:
Maſters and *Servants* oft are found to err
In their *Relation*: Does not each preſer
Baſe, ſelfiſh Ends to gratifie a *Luſt*,
Before what's honeſt, and ſupreamly Juſt?
Ah! how much time, among the good is ſpent
In fruitleſs, idle *Talk*? How negligent
In *holy Conference*! ſtrange to each other!
How dull is each to quicken up his *Brother*
In *Goſpel-days*! O! how few do nouriſh
That *Love* and *Zeal* which heretofore did flouriſh!
A *Love* whoſe flaming Heat and Gen'rous Rays
(Replete with Spirit) fam'd the former days.
Pious Diſcourſes may reclaim the vile;
But they are hard'ned in their Sins the while

Saints do converſe like them, and rather learn
Their vitious Tricks, than teach them to diſcern
The diſmal Snares and Perils that do lurk
In ſinful Words, and every evil Work.
Some are ſo covetous, that they would graſp
The World in *Arm-fulls*, till their lateſt Gaſp.
Some full of *Envy*: others do expreſs
Their *Luſt* on Dainties, feeding to *Exceſs*:
So *nice* and *delicate*, in choice of Meat,
Whilſt their *poor Brethren* ſcarce have *Bread* to eat,
Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art
To ſum their *Shop-books*, but neglect the *Heart*;
For *that* they think there's time enough, and look
But ſeldom to the Reck'nings of that Book.
How many come for *Faſhion*-ſake to hear?
(What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)
How many *loyter* in their *Chriſtian* Race,
Profuſely ſquandring the day of Grace?
Many like Drones, on others *Toil* do live,
Though 'tis leſs honour to receive than give.
What *lying*, *cheating*, *couz'ning and deceit*
Do Traders uſe? O! how they over-rate
What they would ſell? But if they be to buy,
They undervalue each Commodity.
But why ſhould *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*,
Be found in *Saints*? Muſt every *Apiſh* Faſhion
Bewitch their minds, when God is ſo expreſs
In ſtrict forbidding of ſo vile a Dreſs?
Prayer, that *Sacred Ordinance*, that ho'ds
An intercourſe with Heaven, which beholds
The Father's Glory, and on high does mount,
Is made by many but of ſmall account;
'Tis that that carries our Deſires to God,
And comes down fraighted with a bleſſed Load
Of ſweet Returns; yet 'tis much diſreſpected,
And *Cloſet-duty* too too much neglected.

Scri-

Scriptures themselves are slighted and disused,
And oft, when read, perverted or abused:
Helping the Weak, is turn'd into a slighting;
Gospel-reproofs perverted to backbiting.
Many that do of God his *Mercy* crave,
Yet on the *Needy* little *Mercy* have;
All owe their *Blessings* to the God of *Love*,
Yet too too many do unthankful prove.
Some follow *Whimsies* that do *nearly* border
Upon *Confusion*, and *despise* all *Order*:
Such on all *Sacred Institutions* trample,
(Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example*)
As if 'twere *low* for an *exalted mind*
To be, to God's *declared Will* confin'd;
But can these *Men of Rapture* make *pretence*
That they have more *Divine Intelligence*
Than all th' Illustrious Saints, as *Prophets*, *Priests*,
Apostles, *Martyrs* and *Evangelists*,
That were the *Scribes* and *Messengers of Heaven*,
And strictly practis'd all the *Duties* given
Unto the *Church*, which are *without repeal*?
But if they're *disannul'd*, who did *reveal*
Their *Abrogation* to these *bold Pretenders*?
Gods Laws are *sound*, and need no *Cobling-menders*.
But Oh! that *dismal Evil* that's behind
Disturbs my *Reason* and distracts my *Mind*!
It is *DIVISION*! That unhappy Word
Has done more Mischief than a *Popish Sword*
Could ever do, if that a *sweet Communion*
(At least of *Love*) did but compleat our *Union*.
Why should *Licentious Heat* my *Children* hurry
To those *Extremes*? Must they each other *worry*
For *trivial things*? Do they not *all agree*
In *Fundamentals of Divinity*?
Is there no *Room* for *Love*? Or must that *grace*
Among my *Children* have no proper place?

Why muſt one Man be angry with his *Brother*
If not ſo *tall* as he? or with another,
Becauſe his *Face* is not *ſo white* as his?
Or that his *Habit* not ſo *gawdy* is?
Alas! no *Folly* can be more *abſurd*,
Nor more exploded in God's *Holy Word*.
All ſhould to *Goſpel-Purity* adhere;
But to *calumniate*, *vilifie* and *jeer*
All ſuch as are not of their *very pitch*,
Is *Anti-Goſpel*, and a practice which
The Lord *abhors*: If *Cauſes* of *diſſent*
Evert not *Truth*, and ſhake the *fundament*
Of *True Religion*, why ſuch *angry bawling*?
Such *Odious Nick-names*, and ſuch vile *miſcalling*?
Who dares intrude into the *Judgment-Seat*
Of God Almighty? who is only Great,
And only *Judgment* gives? to *him belongs*
To *paſs the Sentence*, and *to puniſh wrongs*.
Why cannot *Chriſtians* with each other bear?
Among *Apoſtles* ſome *diſſentions* were;
But did they therefore perſecute each other?
Theſe *Mortal Conflicts*, *Brother* againſt *Brother*,
Deſtroy our *ſafety*; for they ſet a *Gap*
Open for *Rome*, that would us all intrap
In *Fatal Snares*: their *Maxim* is, we know,
Divide and Rule; *Diſtract and Overthrow*.
Their *Crafty Agents* do *creep* in among
Our *heedleſs Parties*, and *divide* the *Throng*,
That with more eaſe they may us all *devour*,
Deſtroy our *Nation*, and ſubvert our *power*.
Why therefore do not *Proteſtants* agree
As *One* againſt the *Common Enemy*?
Who waits with bloudy hand, t'involve them all,
In one *Deſtruction Epidemical*.

Sion's

Sion's Children.

AH Mother! who can remedy your grief?
For this Disease admits of no relief.

Sion.

OF no relief? O then my Heart must *break!*
Unless my *Sons*, their *Mothers* Counsel take
Which will those fatal *flaming heats* allay,
Obstruct their *growth*, and take 'em clear away.
O can a Mothers *Tears* and woful *Cries*
Be dis-regarded in her *Childrens Eyes?*
Can *English Protestants*, who do profess
To serve one God in *Truth* and *Holiness*,
Slight all my *Wishes*, and *Requests* despise?
O! Hearken to my *Counsels*, and be *wise*.
Let *Wrathful Pride*, and foolish *Self-conceit*,
Let *Quibbles* and *Sophistical deceit*
Be quite exploded: Let a cool *Debate*
All *Fundaments* of *Religion* state:
In such you all, will certainly agree;
(O happy *Model* of sweet *Unity*!)
Let none that to those *Principles* do stick,
Be branded with the name of *Heretick*;
It glads my heart to hear 'em call each other
By that sweet *Title* of a *Christian Brother*.
Next, if you would not *Charity* explode,
Abuse the *guiltless*, and affront your God,
Judge not your *Brethren* at a distance, neither
Give *easie Credit* to the *Tales* of either
Hot-headed Scriblers, or *licentious Tongues*,
That often load the *innocent* with *Wrongs*:
So *Hellish Monks* did serve *Waldensian* Saints
With *horrid clamour*, and *unjust complaints*.
So *Popish Impudence* spews out its *Gall*
To make us *odious*, and bespatter all

The

The *Reformation*; *ſure that cauſe is bad*
Whoſe chief ſupport from Railing *muſt be had.*
If giddy *rumour*, or uncertain *fame*
Should raiſe a *Slander* on your *Brothers* Name,
Repair to him, and in *Converſe* you'll ſee
Whether he *guilty*, or not *guilty* be:
If he be faulty, *tell him of his Sin*;
Be *mild* and *ſecret*, and you may him win.
Admoniſh *gently*, let your *whole diſcourſe*
Be full of *ſavour*, *love* and *Scripture-force.*
This is the *way to bring him to a ſenſe*,
And God's *preſcribed method* to *convince*;
But if you fail, then *leave him to his God*,
Who can inform, or puniſh with a *Rod.*
Your *Work* is done, you have *diſcharg'd* the part
Of *Friend*, of *Brother*, of a *Chriſtian-heart.*
Before *Belief* examine what is vented,
Good Men by *Malice* may be repreſented
In *Monſtrous Shapes*: Some that to God are dear,
Hatred will paint like a *miſ-ſhapen Bear*;
Believe not therefore *diſtant imputation*:
No Cenſure's juſt, before *Examination.*
In all *Debates* be ſure to lay aſide
All prejudice, and let the *Scriptures* guide
Your *calm*, *ſedate Diſputes*, let *Truth* be ſcann'd
With cool Reſolves: O! let that *great Command*
Of *Love* take place! For that ſhould *moderate*
All *Eager Sallies* in a *warm Debate.*
Who loſes *Error*, truly gains *the Field*;
And he is *Victor*, that to *Truth* does yield.
Where e'er you find it, though in *mean array*,
Subſcribe, and win the Glory of the Day.
O! what's the World, but *Shackles* to the *Mind*?
What's Reputation, but a *fleeting Wind*?
Why ſhould thoſe *Baubles* which *the Lord abhors*,
Become the *Sacred Truths* Competitors?

Away

Away with all such Rubs, let *Truth* take place!
And then the *Springs* of *Everlasting Grace*
Will drop down *Blessings*, *Unity*, *Increase*,
Among my *Children*, as the *fruits of Peace.*

Sion's Children.

OUR Common Danger, *and the* Real Sense
(*Which we have got by* dear Experience)
Of those Advantages, our cruel Foe
Gets by our Factions, *will unite us so,*
As that our Enemies *shall ne'er prevail*
To break our Leagues, or make our Courage fail:
But tell, Dear Mother, *has some new affright*
So discompos'd you, that you fear our Light
Is near Extinction? *Tell your* Sons, *we pray,*
What are the Symptoms of th' expiring Day.
Why do you judge, *that* England's *day of Grace*
Draws to an Evening, and declines apace?
Shew some Prognosticks *of that dismal Night,*
That threatens to succeed *our Gospel-Light.*

Sion.

WHen *Sol* once touches our *Meridian* Line,
It straight descends, does by degrees decline;
Its heat grows less, its dis-appearing *Light*
Yields to the *Sable* of approaching Night:
Just so the *Gospel* in its *Altitude*,
Once shot such *Beams*, that in this *Isle* ensu'd
So great *Conversion*, that those former Days
Did feel its blest and universal Rays.
A general *Heat* did warm this *Happy Nation*,
From its benign and pow'rful *Operation*:
But now it falls! and from our *Horizon*
Its vig'rous *influence* is almost gone.
Thousands of *Sermons* lately have been preach'd,
But very few (if any) Sinners reach'd.

How

How ineffectual is the quick'ning word!
It ſhines, but warms not; its but like a Sword
That's fair to fight, but has no edge at all;
Few prick'd at *heart*! and ſcarce do any fall
At *Jeſus* feet! or have a ſenſe of Sin,
Confeſſing how *rebellious* they have bin!
It is a diſmal and apparent Sign
That Night comes on, when *Phœbus* does decline;
When Heat and Fervour fail, our *Hemiſphere*
Will quickly ſee its glory diſappear.
The Ev'ning of the Nat'ral Day is com̃e,
When Harveſt-work-men are repairing home:
So when quick Summons of *Omnipotence*,
Removes the Dreſſers of his *Vineyard* hence,
We may conclude the *Goſpel-morning* paſt,
Becauſe God's Servants diſappear ſo faſt.
Can I, when *Gap-defenders* fall aſleep,
But like old *Iſr'el*, for my *Prophets* weep?
How can the naked and unguarded *Flock*,
Suſtain the Brunt of an invading Shock?
When of its *Shepherds* it is thus bereft,
When ſcarce a *Moſes*, or a *Joſhua*'s left
How many active Guides, moſt dearly lov'd
By Me, have been in little time remov'd?
Scarce can I dry mine Eyes for loſs of one
But News arrive of many others gone:
If that my Head were Waters and each Eye
A Well of Tears, I could diſtill 'em dry.
Bright Lamps extinguiſh'd! and no other Lights
Appear to chace the horrour of our Nights!
Shook by concuſſions of my Foes I ſtand,
Whilſt few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand!
If thus my *Horſemen* and *Commanders* dye,
What will become of the poor *Infantry*?
Who can ſupport the burthen of the *Day*,
When ſuch brave *Hero's* daily drop away?

Is

Is Summer paſt, or is the Harveſt done?
That ſuch *preſages* of *a Storm* come on!
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intendeth *Wars*,
When he *recalls* his choice Embaſſadors.
Ah too *licentious World*! come, look about,
Before the Lord, the *bloudy Flag* puts out;
When God from *Sodom*, righteous *Lot* did call,
Sulphureous Flaſhes did conſume them all.
Another ground of my *prevailing fear*
That *England*'s black *Cataſtrophe* is near,
Is that, as in the cloſure of the Day,
The *Evening Wolves* do range abroad to *prey*:
So *Romiſh Beaſts* in *monſtrous Swarms* do peep
From their *black Caverns*, to deſtroy my *Sheep*:
Such hate the *tell-tale light*, and therefore hide
Themſelves in *Dens*, until the *Ev'ning Tide*.
Their *curſed Products* are reſolves of *Night*,
Like ſilent *Currs*, that in the *dark* do bite.
Another ſymptom of the *days declenſion*,
Is when the *Shadows* do increaſe *dimenſion*:
So when I look about, I *plainly ſee*
Our *Ev'ning ſhadows* very long to be.
In *Humane Bodies* when the Head grows *Hoary*,
It notes *decay of Vigour*, *Strength* and *Glory*.
Gray hairs are thick upon our *Ephraim*'s Head,
His *Strength* decays, his *Face* is withered.
When *joynts* grow *palſy'd*, and the *Blood*'s *congeal'd*
Into a *jelly*, can the Man be heal'd?
When *limbs* grow *ſtiff*, and *feeble Age* does plow
Its *wrinkled furrows* on the *Patient*'s brow;
When *heat* gives place to a *benumming cold*,
When *doting Fancy* cares not to be told
Of its *approaches* to a certain *Grave*;
When it rejects the *Phyſick* that would ſave,
The *Caſe is deſperate*, for the *Patient*'s juſt
Upon the Point *to be intomb'd in Duſt*:

Ee'n

E'en ſo (Alas) a *Gaſping Nation* lies
Under the *preſſure* of ſad *Maladies*!
'Tis *ſick at Heart*, yet ſeems *averſe* to take
That *ſacred Phyſick*, whoſe *Ingredients* make
Diſeaſes vaniſh, and would *ward* the Blow
Which may perhaps produce its *overthrow*.
Ah! muſt my *Glory* (like a *brittle Glaſs*
Reduc'd to *Fractions*) into *Atomes* paſs!
So rude a *Chaos*! an unform'd *confuſion*!
Would bring the whole to utter *diſſolution*.
Ah fruitful *Iſle*, I grieve at thy condition!
Where's thy *Repentance*, where is thy *Contrition*?
Thou haſt been counted our *Emanuel*'s Land,
The Goſpel, Lord, late ſeemed at a ſtand,
O fix it in our Souls, inſpire each mind,
And let us in't eternal comfort find!
Let not *Illuſtrious Morning-light* be gone,
That ſpreads its Beams through all our *Horizon*.
Muſt wretched *Malice*, and prodigious *Luſt*,
Muſt bare-fac'd *Pride*, and impudent *Diſtruſt*,
Rob thee of this ineſtimable *Jewel*?
How canſt thou be ſo *pitileſs*, ſo *cruel*
Unto thy ſelf? *Sin* is the *flaming Dart*
That cuts thy Veins, and wounds thy very Heart.
Can *Sion* chuſe but ſend out *mournful Cries*,
And weep thy *Downfal* in ſad Elegies?
Within thy Bounds my Tabernacles are
Built up, and I lov'd to inhabit here,
Thy *Goſpel-Glory*, and *Renown*'s gone forth
Into all Parts and Corners of the *Earth*.
Thou may'ſt be juſtly ſtyl'd *the place of Viſion*:
(Though made by Foes an *Object of Deriſion*)
The Joy of Saints, the *Proteſtant*'s Delight,
The *Mark* and *Butt* of *Antichriſtian* ſpite.
May ne'er this Crown be raviſh'd from thy *Head*,
No *Romiſh* Clouds thy Luſtre overſpread;

What

What *Heart ſo brawny*, but thy *doleful Cry*
Muſt move to pity? What relentleſs Eye,
Could ſee thy fall, and not diſſolve to drops?
Ah fleeting *Joys*! Ah diſ-appearing Hopes!
Ah haſtning Horror! Ah invading Fears,
Had I a Sea of never-empty'd Tears,
My boundleſs, helpleſs Grief wide open ſets
The Sluces for its ſtreaming Rivulets.
The very Air, dreſt in prodigious Forms,
Muſt groan in Thunder, and muſt weep in Storms.
Nature, of ſtrong Convulſions, ſickned is,
To ſee the horrid *Metamorphoſis*!
Where *Goſpel*-Paſtors did ſome Millions feed,
Muſt blind and ſottiſh *Ignorance* ſucceed?
Muſt all their Throats be cut that won't adore
The hateful *Carcaſs* of the *Rotten Whore*?
Muſt all that execrate *Rome's Superſtition*,
Be murther'd by a *bloody Inquiſition*?
Muſt ſuch as won't to *Idols* bow, be broke?
Muſt flaming *Smithfield* belch out *Fire* and *Smoke*
Of martyr'd *Saints*? Muſt all that will not turn
(With *Bibles* and good *Books*) together burn?
Muſt *Monkiſh Tories*, mere *Incarnate Devils*,
Poſſeſs our *Land*, and peſter it with *Evils*,
Of ſuch an odious and abhorred *Grain*,
That but to name 'em is a *laſting Stain*?
Muſt our renowned Miniſters gives place
To *Romiſh Block-heads*? O the vile diſgrace
Of ſuch a *Change*! Muſt an *aduls'rous Prieſt*
Belch out his *Maſs*, where they have preached
Muſt that *abſurd* and *irreligious Tribe* (*Chriſt*?
Who fetter *Conſcience*, and regard a *Bribe*
Beyond their Souls, be Leaders to our *Flocks*?
Muſt *paultry Nonſenſe*, and thoſe *Apiſh Mocks*,
Miſ-call'd *Devotion*, fill the *Houſe of Prayer*?
Muſt *Peſtilence* infect our *purer Air*?

Muſt

Must *Sodom* be translated to our *Isle*,
And filthy *Priests* our chastity *defile*?
Must *Satan's Factors* in a *humane Shape*,
On modest *Virgins* perpetrate a *Rape*?
Must all our *painful Ministers* be driven
To *fiery Stakes*, if they renounce not *Heaven*?
Must our dear *Infants* lose their harmless lives
In *flaming Faggots*, or with *Popish Knives*?
Must *guiltless Blood* through all our *Streets* rebound
A mournful *Eccho*? Must the *horrid sound*
Of *Axes*, *Whips*, and dreadful *Scourges* tear
Our *aking hearts*, and pierce the *yielding Air*!
All this will be, if *Rome can but prevail*!
Amazement stops my *Speech*! my *Spirits* fail!
I only can in *Interjections* cry,
I sink in *Trances*! *O*! *I dy*, *I dy*!

Sion's Children.

AH! *how can we with any Patience bear*
This sad Complaint? *Can any Children hear*
Their Mother delug'd in a Sea *of Grief*,
And not step in to give her some relief!
Chear up, Illustrious Spouse, *and be not cast*
Into despair, *by this approaching* blast:
Christ is our Captain, then we may be bold,
In all our storms, he is our Anchor-hold.
But what's this Beast, *of whom thou dost complain*?
Whence came he first? *and of what date's his Reign*?
Give us his Marks, *that we may surely know him*,
Repel his Pride, *and quickly overthrow him*?
With Universal and United Force,
Our armed Legions *shall impede his* Course.
If God commands (*who does the* Sceptre *wield*)
We'll fight his Battels, *and dispute his* Field.
In Martial Syllogisms *our Arms shall speak*:
We'll storm his Wall, and make his Pillars quake.

A raging Anger in our Boſom burns,
Patience provok'd too much *to* Fury *turns.*

Sion.

THis *Beaſt* above[1] twelve hundred years has bin
My mortal Foe, he's call'd [2] *The Man of Sin.*

[1] *The moſt diligent and induſtrious Searchers into the* Epocha, *or the beginning of Antichriſt, as the learned* Mede, Alſtedius, *Mr.* T. L. *in his Book intituled,* A Voice out of the Wilderneſs, *Mr.* Brightman, Tillinghaſt, *with ſeveral other Eminent Men, ſeem harmoniouſly to agree that the Beaſt began his forty two Months, or one thouſand two hundred and ſixty (Prophetical) Days or Years, between the Years* 365. *and* 455. *and therefore muſt conſequently end in a ſhort time. See Mr.* Mede, *page* 600, & 601. *To confirm which, the witneſs of the beſt Chronologers, Hiſtorians and Antiquaries concur; as alſo the poſture of the World's Affairs, the unuſual working of things, and the awakning Providences of God; which makes us hope, as Mr.* Withers *affirms,* That that glorious Revolution will be in this preſent Age. *And though famous* Du Moulin, *and ſome others ſpeak not of the Pope's claiming the Title of* Univerſal Biſhop, *till about the Year* 604, *or* 606. *when the Traytor* Phocas, *by the help of* Boniface *III. murthered the Emperour* Mauritius, (*in requital of which, the Uſurper,* Phocas *gave the ſaid* Boniface *that blaſphemous Title, and decreed that* the Roman Church ſhould be Head of all Churches; *Which* Platina, *a* Papiſt, *and a Writer of the* Popes *Lives agrees to; as* Beda *de* 6 *Ætat. Mundi,* Paul. Diacon. *rer. Rom.* 18. *Hiſtor. Longob. lib.* 4. 11. Anaſt. *Bibl. Vit.* Bon. 3. Ado. *Ætat.* 6. *Reg. Chron. l.* 1. Ammon. *de geſt.* Franc.

Franc. *lib.* 4. *c.* 4. *Yet the ſame* Du Moulin, *ſeems poſitively to affirm, that the Perſecution of the Church under the Pope ſhall have an end in* (*or about*) *the Year* 1689. *See his Book entituled,* The Accompliſhment of the Prophecies, *Pag.* 412. *This Term once expired* (ſaith he) *the Truth that was oppreſt ſhall lift up her Head afreſh, and the Witneſſes ſhall be ſeen to ſtand up again, who ſhall aſtoniſh the Church of* Rome, *&c.*

[2] 2 *Theſ.* 2. 3. Man of Sin, ὁ ἄνθρωπος τῆς ἀμαρτίας, *an* Hebraiſm, *and imports a Perſon given up to Impiety and Wickedneſs, as* Prov. 24. 5. אישׁ רעת, Vir ſcientiæ, *a Man of knowledge,* that is, *very knowing,* 2 *Sam.* 6. 8. אישׁ הדמים, Vir ſanguinum, *A Man of blood,* that is, *one arrived at a* non ultra *of Impiety.*

This *Introducer* of *blind Superſtition,*
Is ſtyl'd in *Holy Writ,* 3 *Son of Perdition.*
From Hell's *Abyſs* at firſt he did proceed,
As in the *Revelations* 4 you may read:
'Tis he whom *Daniel* calls 5 *the little Horn,*
By whom three more up by the Roots were torn.

[3] Ὁ υἱὸς τῆς ἀπωλείας, Son of perdition, *is alſo an* Hebraiſm, *and denotes,* One deſigned to deſtruction, *as a hopeleſs and graceleſs Wretch.* Chryſ. *on* 2 Theſ. *Hom.* 3. *tells us, he is ſo called, becauſe he ſhall be deſtroyed.* Piſcator *and* Eraſ. *think it may be expounded,* one deſperate and paſt all hope of Honeſty —— *the perfect Copy of his Original* Judas, *who is called,* The Son of perdition, *Joh.* 17. 12. *for he ſeemed an Angel, yet was a Devil* —— *he was no Heathen, quitted* Judaiſm, *followed Chriſt, was an Apoſtle, ſeemed to pity the Poor, pretended great affection to his Maſter, yet* betrays him with a Kiſs, *lov'd the Bag, hatch'd a Villany able to rend the Rocks, and make the Earth quake* —— *In which let all*

all impartial Men conſider whether the Romiſh Antichriſt *does not exactly parallel him.*

4 *Rev.* 11. 7. *The Beaſt that aſcendeth out of that Bottomleſs Pit,* &c.

5 Du Moulin, *p.* 379. *amply demonſtrates, that the portion of the* Rom. Emp. *which the* Pope *hath under him hath ſuch proportion in reſpect of the whole Extent of the* Rom. Emp. *as there is of* 3. *to* 10. i. e. *little leſs than the third Part, agreeable to* Dan. 7. 8.

The Marks of the Beaſt. [*Firſt Mark.*]

THE Spirit aptly does *Characterize*
This *Muſhroom's growth,* 6 declares he ſhall
Not till a *day of great Apoſtacy* (ariſe
Corrupts true Faith and Goſpel Purity.
Juſt ſo it happened at that very time,
When *Rome*'s proud *Prelate* did attempt to *climb*
To that *Prodigious Grandeur* which devours
Both *Regal, Princely* and *Imperial Powers.*
That ſuch a Fall as then predicted was,
Did e'er his *riſing* truly come to paſs,
Some Learned *Writers* of their own confeſs,
With deteſtation of their wickedneſs.

6 *This is one way whereby we may know who the* Man of Sin *is,* viz. He ſhall not be revealed until there come a falling away firſt, *as* 2 *Theſ.* 2. 3. *The Revelation of Antichriſt was then to be, when there ſhould appear ſome eminent defection in the Church. Now Antiquity clearly makes out when that Apoſtacy was; it began very early: It is affirmed by ſome, The Church did not continue a pure Virgin, nor retained her primitive Purity, longer than one hundred years. But however, all approved Hiſtorians agree, that about the beginning of the fourth Century, the Apoſtacy of which the Apoſtle ſpeaketh, was viſible, and fully manifeſted.* Joan. Wolfius *out of* Jerom. *ſaith,* That about the year 390. the

the Law periſhed from the Prieſt, and the Viſion from the Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the Church: they condemned Meats and Marriage, and yet gave themſelves up to luxurious Banquets and Uncleanneſs. *In the year* 326. *it was endeavoured in the Council of* Nice, *to cauſe Biſhops and Elders to refrain from their Wives. See* Alſted *in* Chronologia teſtium Veritatis. *Alſo the ſaid* Wolfius *alledgeth a Saying out of* Auguſtine, *applying it to the year* 399. *who ſpeaketh thus:* That Religion about that time was corrupted with Traditions and Humane Rites; that the condition of the Jews under the Law, was eaſier than that of Chriſtians under the Goſpel. Dyoniſius *in an Epiſtle hinteth that* they were burthened with Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded and laid upon Chriſtians; *and that* the Sacraments both of Baptiſm and the Lord's Supper ſuffered great mutation, and was grievouſly corrupted. *Alſo we find* Chryſoſtom *declaiming againſt the Biſhop of* Rome *concerning Purgatory: Which thing is applied to the Year* 410. *or thereabouts. Beſides, we find mention made of* worſhipping of Images, *which is reprehended by one* Amphilocus *Biſhop of* Iconium, *as alſo by* Epiphanius, *whom we find ſpeaking thus:* Whence is this Image-worſhip and Deſign of the Devil? *And a little after, he ſaith,* Be mindful, my beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your Hearts.

The

The Second Mark.

WHen *Rome*'s great *Empire* to its Period came,
The *Papal Hierachy* uſurp'd the ſame,
By helliſh craft he makes that Seat his own,
And forms *Regalia*'s to a Tripple-Crown.
This Man of Sin in * Goſpel-times we know
Was but a hatching, and *in Embrio*;
And e'er he could come to maturity,
The † Roman Empire muſt diſſolved be;
Upon whoſe Ruins he hath built his Neſt,
And rais'd his Rampant Domineering Creſt.

[7] *The ſecond thing that was to preceed the coming of Antichriſt was, The taking away of the Sixth Head,* viz. *The Heathen Empire, which in the Apoſtles time* * *did let or hinder his Riſe; He that now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then ſhall that* wicked one *be revealed,* &c. † The Empire (*ſaith* Du Moulin) which did bear rule, muſt be aboliſhed, and out of the Ruins thereof the *Son of perdition* is made manifeſt, and exalts himſelf: The Emperors hindred him, but the Empire being decayed in the *Weſt.* and diminiſhed in the *Eaſt* by the *Saracens,* the *Pope* found means to ſeize upon the chief City of the Empire, together with great part of *Italy,* and to devour the neighbouring Churches and Realms at his pleaſure. Du Moulin, *ubi ſupra,* pag 119. *That this was the general opinion of Antiquity, may be ſeen in* Tertullian, *lib. de Reſurrect. c.* 24. Chryſoſt. 4. *Sermon on* 2 Theſſ. *The Greek Scholiaſt* in loc. Auguſt. *de Civitat. Dei lib.* 20. *c.* 19. Iren. 11. *queſt. to* Algaſia, Lipſius, &c. *He that would ſee more particularly how the Biſhop of* Rome

hath

hath made his Market by the ruin of the Empire, let him read Signonius *his History of the Kingdom of* Italy: *In the beginning of his third Book he shews how Pope* Gregory *the Second, because the Emperor opposed his setting up of Images in the Church, forbad the People to pay Tribute to him, and not so much as once to name him in their Publick Service,* Du Moulin, *p.* 157. *This then being out of question, to wit, That the* Roman Empire *whereof St.* Paul *speaks, is already ruined, and that the Bishop of* Rome *thereupon rose to that height of* Pride *and* Blasphemy, *it must needs follow that the* Son of Perdition *is revealed, and that this is he.*

The Third Mark.

AT first from mean estate [1] this *Beast* arose,
Came from the Earth, and at did length op-
The former *Beast*, the *Roman* Empire; he (pose
By help of *Lombards* chac'd from *Italy*,
Usurp'd his *Seat*, appropriates his *Power*,
And doth the Saints (as bad as he) devour.
Popes Tragicks are the second part of his.
As if that Soul by *Metempsuchosis* [2]
Surviv'd, and were tranſlated into this.
Now let all judge if *Antichrist* be come,
That sees these *Marks* upon the *Beast* of *Rome.*

[1] This *Beast* (*saith* Du Moulin) rose from a small beginning and mean Estate, signified by a *Little Horn* in *Daniel*'s Prophecy, and in the *Revelations of St.* John, by his *rising out of the Earth*, according as the *Latines* call such as get up from a little *Terræ Filius*, as *Mushrooms* or *Toad-stools*, pag. 259. *Now who is there but knows how mean and poor the Bishops of* Rome *were, before they*

came

came to be Earthly Monarchs? Then when they had not one foot of ground, that the Emperour caused them to be whipt, imprisoned, banished, &c. but by degrees to what a mighty height did he rise? He exercised the Power of the First Beast by little and little, he took the Empire upon him, 2 sat down in his very Seat, assumed his Habit and Shooes of Scarlet, and counterfeited the actions and rights of the Roman *Empire: Casting off his* Crosier-Staff, *he takes to himself a* Crown, *and is cloath'd in* Scarlet, *which was proper to the Emperour: The Emperour had a* Senate *clad in* Scarlet, *and he hath a* Senate *of* Cardinals *clad in Cloth of the same colour, and in many other things he seem'd to represent the* First Beast.

The Fourth Mark.

1 HE doth exalt himself above all those
Call'd *Gods on Earth*, does by his 2 *Bulls* op-
All Regal Edicts, that receive not their (pose
Obliging *Sanction* from his *Papal Chair.*
He like a Peerless Potentate does now (bow.
Make Sov'reign *Thrones*, and Crowned *Monarchs*

1 *This is notorious to the World, tho' the brevity of Notes admit not room for many Examples.*

2 Pius *the Fifth sent a Bull to depose Queen* Elizabeth. *See* Jewel's View of Sedition, *and* Camden's Eliz. 1570. Tom. 1. Gregory *the Thirteenth labour'd secretly to ruin her,* Id. ibid. Anno 1578. Tom. 1. Sixtus *the Fifth gave her Kingdom to the King of* Spain, Anno 1588. ibid. Clement. 8. *strictly commands that none should inherit the* English *Crown, how good soever his Title be, unless they be sworn and resolved* Papists; *his words are*

thus: Nisi ejusmodi esset, qui fidem Catholicam non modo toleraret, sed omni ope & studio promoveret, & more majorum jure jurando se id præstiturum susceperet. *Camb.* Ann. 1600. Tom. alter.

[3] Some hold his *Stirrup*, [4] some are made to wait
Three *Frosty Nights* barefooted at his Gate.
[5] Imperial Heads lye prostrate at his Beck,
And to his trampling feet submit their Neck.

[3] *Pope* Adrian *the Fourth made the Emperour* Fredrick *the First to hold his Stirrup, and chid him for holding the wrong one*, Balæus *in Act. Rom. Pont. in Vit.* Adrian. *Quarti.*

[4] Gregory *the Seventh made the Emperour* Henry *the Fourth his Empress and Child, to wait three days and three nights, in a* Frosty Season, *barefooted and bare-legged, before his Gates, before they could get Audience.* Id. in Vit. *Gregor.* 7.

[5] Alexander *the Third made the Emperour fall upon the Ground, in the Temple of St.* Mark *at* Venice, *the whole People being present, and put his Foot upon his Neck, uttering the* Psalmist's *words*, Psal. 91. 13. Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder, the young Lion and Dragon shalt thou trample under feet. Id. in Vit. *Alex.* Tertii. *See forty Examples of this in the Learned Dr.* White's Way of the Church, *p.* 18, 19, 20, 21.

The Fifth Mark.

ANother Mark; He in God's Temple sits,
Boasting himself a * God, and counterfeits

* *'Tis expresly laid down by the* Apostle, *as an undoubted Mark of the* Man of Sin, *viz.* That he should sit in the Temple of God. Chrysost. *is very*

True

True Holiness; when he assum'd the Throne,
There was a Temple 6 of the Holy One
In *Rome*, and did continue so, till they
Displaced Christ, 7 and flung his *Truth* away.

ry express, Hom. 3. 2 Thes. 8. ὁ ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμ οὐκ ἀλλὰ καὶ πάσης ἐκκλησίας, *that is*, not in *Jerusalem*, but in the *Church*, *so* Oecumenius, *de* Rom. *l.* 3. *cap.* 13. *and* Theop. Theodor. Ambros. Primus Anselm. Severian. *apud ipsum. Besides it was to be in a City with seven Hills, and where seven Kings or Supreme Magistrates were or had been, which agrees to no City but* Rome, *as is demonstrated by* Peter Du Moulin *and others. If it be objected,* That the *Church of* Rome at the time of *Antichrist*'s Rise, could not be the Temple of God, because upon the *Great Apostacy* that denomination ceases: *It is answered,* It might be called the Church and Temple of God then; though the Presence of God and the true Religion and Power of Godliness was gone, it might retain the Name; as Royal Palaces keep their Names when ruined; 'tis said, *Isa.* 1. 21. *How is the faithful City become an Harlot?* Could she be a *faithful City* and a *Harlot* too? The meaning is, she was so, but now thus; so *Mat.* 11. 5. *Mark* 7. ult. 'tis said, *The blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk*, &c. *that is*, they were so, but now otherwise; a Woman keeps her Husband's Name tho' divorced for Whoredom; so *Rome* 6 was God's Temple and Christ's Church, but when she espoused another Head, and cast off her first Husband 7 and the true Faith, she became an *Harlot* and *Synagogue of Satan*, though bearing still the name of *Church* and *Christians* also. *See an excell. Treatise, intituled,* The Man of Sin, *Printed*, 1677. p. 40, &c.

The Sixth Mark.

THis is the Beast upon whose Back the great Inticing *Strumpet* rides in pompous State. 8
By him she was supported all along,
By his Imposture she was rend'red strong.
This Mark that 9 Notion throws quite out of door
That says, *The* Beast *shall not arise before*
The Desolation of the Scarlet Whore.

8 So he carried me away in the Spirit into the Wilderness and I saw a Woman set upon a scarlet coloured *Beast*, full of Names of Blasphemy, having seven Heads and ten Horns, *Rev.* 17.4. I will shew the Mystery of the Woman, and the Beast that carries her, *vers.* 7.

9 *It hath been a received Opinion of some Christians of late times,* That the *Beast* who is the *Antichrist* or *Man of Sin*, shall not arise till the *Whore* is destroyed, and that when he comes he shall only reign three years and an half. *Which Notion may seem strange to all considerate Men; because that* Beast *who is the seventh and an eighth, all confess is the* Man of Sin: *And how evident is it that this very* Beast *bears up, and carries the Whore from first to last? Besides, Consider, 'tis said, the ten* Horns of this *very* Beast shall hate the Whore, and make her desolate; *how could the* Horns *hate or hurt her, if the Beasts rise not till she is destroyed? Can there be* Horns *and no* Beast? *And besides, should this Notion be received, it might seem strange that the Holy Spirit passeth by in silence, and takes no notice of this horrid* Monster, *or Succession of* Popes, *that have continued so long, having all the* Marks *and* Characters *so clear-*

ly

ly upon him of Antichrist. *If any should say,* he doth not deny Christ come in the Flesh. *I answer,* In a Mystery he doth, and particularly, in his ordaining of *Sacrifices,* as it was under the Law, which cease all when the *Antitype* came, and by assuming the place of Christ's Supremacy and Government.

The Seventh Mark.

THE Holy Spirit most expresly saith,
In latter times some shall renounce the Faith.
That by the Spirit of Seduction led,
Doctrin of Devils through the Earth shall spread,
That belch out Falshood in Hipocrisie
And many thousands do deceive thereby;
Forbidding Marriage, 10 *and the use of Meat,*
Which God ordain'd for every Man to eat.

10 *This is an undeniable Mark of the* Son of Perdition, *viz.* That he shall forbid Marriages, and command to abstain from Meats, *and who it is that commands to abstain from Meats, and who it is that suffers not his Clergy to Marry, and forbids the eating of Flesh on some certain days and seasons of the year, is known to all. The Council of* Chalcedon *saith* (*Canon. Cap.* 16.) Ut nec Deo dicata Virgo, nec Monachus nuberit; *That no Nun or Monk shall marry.* Bellarmine, *in his* 34. *Chap. of the Book of Monks, styles the Marriage of Clerks and Monks by the name of* Sacrilege; *and affirms,* That they sin less which commit *Fornication* after they have once taken a *Vow,* than they do which marry; *nay, and in the nineteenth Chap. of the first Book of Clerks, he saith,* That the Marriage of Saints is not without some Sin, Pollution

and Uncleanneſs. *The ſixth General Council aſſembled at* Trullo, *to make* Canons, *tells us plainly in the thirteenth* Canon, *that in the Church of* Rome; Whoſoever will be a Deacon or Prieſt, muſt firſt proteſt that he will never any more after that have to do with his Wife, *&c.* —— If a Man be found to have broke the Ordinance of the Church, by eating Fleſh in *Lent*, eſpecially in the Week which they call the Holy Week, the Prieſt, *ſaith my Author*, hath no power to abſolve him, *&c. This Doctrin of the* Pope, *as 'tis a* Mark *of* Antichriſt, *ſo 'tis expreſly call'd*, the Doctrin of Devils.

The Eighth Mark.

HE's not content to be Supreme below,
And make all *Scepters* to his *Croſier* bow,
But th'impious Wretch is grown ſo bold that even
He dares affront the *Majeſty of Heaven.*
What God commands, this Imp of Hell controuls,
Condemns the ſav'd, and ſaves condemned Souls:
Himſelf he places in *Jehovah's* 11 Throne,
As Chief of all, as Second unto none.

11 He ſhall oppoſe and exalt himſelf above all that is called God, or that is worſhipped, ſhewing himſelf that he is God, 2 *Theſ.* 2. He ſhall ſpeak great things againſt the moſt High, *Dan.* 7. 25. *That the Pope is guilty of oppoſition to, and exaltation of himſelf, above the Majeſty of God, is made appear by divers worthy Writers; the very Life and Soul of Popery ſeems to run in this Vein,* The Lord *Jeſus* (*ſaith one*) is made a very Lacquey to the Pope, he changes Times and Laws at his pleaſure. *God ſays*, Thou ſhalt make to thy

ſelf

ſelf no graven Image, &c. *The Pope takes away that Commandment, and declares,* 'tis lawful to worſhip Images. *The Lord bids us,* Search the Scriptures; *the Pope oppoſeth this, and* forbids the reading of them, nay, burns to death thoſe that do read them; and, to prevent it, locks them up in an unknown Tongue. *God* pardons Sins upon Repentance, *the Pope* without, for a Sum of Mony. *The Pope* can inveſt a ſorry Prieſt with power by uttering a few words to make a God, to turn Bread into the real Body of Chriſt, and have power over him to do with him what he pleaſes when he hath done, and he can't deliver himſelf out of his hands.

A brace of *Keys* he carries in his Hand,
To *ſhut* and *open* at his own Command.
He *curſes* and *abſolves*, he *binds*, *releaſes*,
Pulls down, *advances* whomſoe'er he pleaſes.
This is th' *Apocalyptick Beaſt*, that claims.
Sublimeſt Titles, and Blaſphemous Names,
With Matchleſs Pride, and Peerleſs Impudence,
He does for Mony with God's Laws diſpenſe
To fill his Purſe (O ſhameleſs *Avarice*!)
All ſorts of Sin he values at a price 12.

12 *What Sin is it but the Pope takes upon him to pardon for Mony? Beſides, he makes the deteſtable Sins of Treaſon and Murther, if it be done in Zeal, and by his Authority, for the Promotion of the pretended Holy Church, meritorious, Canonizing black and brutiſh Sinners for Saints, in his Kalender; he exalts himſelf above the Word of God, he uſurps God's Seat, by giving what Interpretation to God's Law he pleaſes, which he makes of equal Authority with it.*

The Ninth Mark.

FAlſe Miracles, and lying Wonders too
This grand Deceiver does pretend to do. 13
He fain would make th' abuſed World believe.
That he with Eaſe could make a Dead Man live.
They do ſuch things, their *Scottiſh Legend* ſaith,
As far exceeds all Truth or Humane Faith;
Their Nature, Number, Circumſtances all,
Done by Atchievements Diabolical;
Their ſenſleſs Fables, arrant Fopperies,
Are meer Impoſtures and apparent Lyes.
This is an Engine which the graceleſs Wretch
Does ſpread abroad, the Sons of Men to catch:
And God lets ſuch thoſe horrid Lyes believe,
Who Goſpel-Truths would not in Love receive,
That they might periſh and be damn'd thereby,
The juſt deſert of ſuch Iniquity.

13 Even him whoſe coming is after the working of Satan with all Power, and Signs, and Lying *Wonders*, 2 Theſ. 2. 9. Bellarmin. (*de not. Eccl. l.* 4. *c.* 14.) *maketh Miracles* one infallible Sign of the True Church; *and certain I am, the falſe and lying Wonders of the* Roman Church, *clearly ſheweth the* Pope *to be the* Anti-Chriſt, *or* Son of Perdition. *I have not room here to enumerate many of them, only take one or two, by which you may judge of the reſt. One* Becanus's *Head being off, St.* Ita's *Prayers made it come poſting through the Air, ſtand by the Body, and ſhe joyned them faſt again, ſo that in one hour's ſpace the Man became as lively as ever he had been in all his life.*

St. An-

St. Anthony's *Arm, that precious Relick at* Geneva, *was kiss'd and worship'd with great Devotion, whilst* Popery *kept its ground; but when the* Gospel *came, and the Relick was produced, 'twas found the Pisle of a* Stag, *Calv.* de reliq. prop. initium. *Possibly you may have heard of the Wonders that Relick hath done; and of St.* Decumanus, *who carried his own Head after it was cut off, to a Spring, and there washed off the Blood from it. A Country Curate, saith* Erasmus, *getting Crabs, and fastning Candles to their backs, set them a crawling up and down the* Church-yard *at Night, and in the Morning, after he had taken them in again, perswaded the People that they were poor distressed Souls in* Purgatory; *you must think* such wanted Masses and Alms, *saith my* Author; *we know the Proverb,* No Penny, No Pater noster: *a fit Miracle to pick the Peoples pockets.* Lib. 22. *Fo.* Epist. p. 1529. in Epist. Edit. Basil. *A Maid coming into a Garden, and taking a Lettice to eat it, crush'd the Devil between her Teeth in the Lettice; and this poor Devil, saith* Du Moulin, *whom she belike swallowed down together with the Lettice, being commanded to go out, and checkt by* Equitius, *excuseth himself, saying,* Alas! What hurt did I? I was sitting quietly upon the Lettice, and she came and bit me; the fault was in her, for not making the sign of the Cross when she gathered the Lettice. *Moreover, these ridiculous Impostors affirm,* That when the Body of Pope *Formosus* was carried into Saint *Peter*'s Church, all the Images of the Saints that stood there, did him Obeysance; *but above all, the Miracle of the Ass that left his Provender to worship the Hoast, seems most ridiculous to King* JAMES: *See his* Apology, *&c. Many of*

their pretended Miracles were wrought, as Writers intimate, about the fourth and fifth Century, and were contrived to confirm the Popes Headſhip and Univerſal Supremacy, together with their idle ſtories of Purgatory, Images, Praying for the Dead, &c. *Thoſe that would ſee more, let them read* Du Moulin, *alſo a late Book intituled,* The Man of Sin.

The Tenth Mark.

HIS out ſide's ſmooth, he's garb'd in Sheeps
But inwardly a rav'nous *Beaſt of Prey.* (array
He has a *mouth* wherewith he ſpeaks great things
Blaſphemes the *glory* of the *King of Kings.*

14 And there was given unto him a Mouth ſpeaking great things, and Blaſphemies, *Rev.* 13. 5. And he opened his Mouth againſt God, to blaſpheme his Name and Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven, *verſ.* 6. He ſhall ſpeak great words againſt the Moſt High, *Dan.* 7. 25. *This Mark of the Beaſt is apparently ſeen in the Pope, in thoſe inſolent and blaſphemous Titles he aſſumes to himſelf; he is called Chriſt's* Vicar, *or his* Vice-roy *and* Lieutenant. *Bellarm.* de Rom. lib. 2. c. 31. Foundation, Head, *and* Husband to the Catholick Church. His Holineſs, *that can be judged by no Man; though he draw an innumerable number to Hell, who ſhall ſay to him, What doſt thou? What would you think to hear him called,* The Lion of the Tribe of *Judah,* the Root of *David*? *So* Begnius, *one of his Biſhops courted Pope* Leo *the Tenth, and thereupon bad the* Daughter of *Sion* not to weep, *ſaying,* God hath raiſed to her a Saviour. *See* Concil. Later. *ſub.* Leon. 10. *Seſſ.* 6. *apud ſur.*

He

He is frequently called by those of the Romish *Church,* Our Lord God the POPE. Exter. *Joan.* 22. *Tit.* 14. c. 4.

And as touching his Blasphemies against those that dwell in Heaven, *to wit,* the Saints of God, *'tis evident that they are continually branded for Hereticks, Schismaticks, and what not.*

The Eleventh Mark.

'TIs He that aims at th'utter Dissolution
Of precious Saints, by bloody Persecution,
That does pronounce no Christian fit to live,
Unless they do his Beastly Mark receive.
Forbids all *Traffick*, none must sell or buy,
Except th' adorers of his *Hierarchy*.
This Mark the Pope doth in his Forehead bear
Of which full proof is extant ev'ry where,
The Numbers he hath 15 murther'd do surmount
The strictest of *Arithmeticks* account.
They stain'd each Nation with a Crimson Flood
And Swelling Current of my *Childrens Blood*.

15 He shall wear out the Saints of the Most High, *Dan.* 7. and caused as many as would not worship the Image of the Beast should be killed, *Rev.* 13. 5. *We find upon Record, That Pope* Innocent *the Third, within the space of a few Months, made more than two thousand of the faithful to be slain, who they called* Albigeans, *he hath made all* Europe *to stream with Blood; in St.* Bartholomew's *Massacre, in the Year,* 1572. *more than eighty thousand were slain in cold Blood, see* Du Moulin, *p.* 246, 247. The Duke *De Alva (saith he)* played the Butcher in *Flanders*, and under the shew of Catholick Zeal, slew Millions of People,

in

in recompence whereof the Pope ſent him a Holy Sword and conſecrated Gloves; the infinite numbers he ſlew in other places, by Wars, bloody Maſſacres, and otherwiſe, you will hear more of hereafter; ſo that by this time ſure all may conclude Anti-chriſt *is come, and that this is he in whom all the Marks and Characters do ſo fully meet, which the Holy Ghoſt hath given him.*

Sion's Sons.

THeſe Marks are ſo notorious that we can
Say of the Romiſh Pope, *He is the Man:*
For theſe Characteriſticks *truly are*
To him (and only him) peculiar.
This raging Monſter *is that* Beaſt *of Prey:*
Shall we ariſe to take his Strength away,
That hath ſo long time tyrannized thus
(With Helliſh Fury) over thee and us?
Self-Preſervation *is, by every* Creature
Eſteem'd a Sacred Principle *in* Nature.
Each Free-born mind, muſt at thoſe Tyrants ſpurn
That would infect their Souls, their Bodies burn.
Why ſhould this Beaſt *ſtill rage and domineer*
As he hath done, without controul or fear?

Sion.

YOu are to wait for God's great Diſpenſations,
At whoſe diſpoſal is the Fate of Nations:
His time is beſt, and in due ſeaſon he
Will bring this Beaſt to his Cataſtrophe.
He ſits in Heaven, and beholds with Scorn,
This Rebel's Pride. His glorious Son that's born
Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
Shall ſurely reign, becauſe it is his due;

For

For all to him the Sovereign Rule muſt yield;
He ſhall the Crown and Royal Sceptre wield:
Nations ſhall ſerve him; Kings that have abhorr'd
His Name, ſhall pay him Homage, as their Lord.
To *JESUS* all ſhall bow, he ſhall be King,
And to poor *Sion* ſhall Redemption bring.
Till this Beaſts month, and lateſt hour be ſpent,
No Humane Weapon can his Rage prevent.
To ſuffer Perſecution I'm appointed,
Till Inſtruments are choſen and anointed
For my Deliverance; your work's to pray,
And be prepared for that bleſſed day;
When *Babel* falls, and *Sion* is reſtor'd
To height of favour with her bleſſed Lord.
The day approaches, and if you would win
Renown by Fighting, then encounter Sin;
That home-bred Foe, which in your Boſom lurks,
And like the Venom of an *Aſpick* works
Through all your Vitals; 'tis the Capital
And grandeſt Foe, that would betray you all;
It correſponds with thoſe that do expoſe
To Torments, all that with the Bridegroom cloſe:
Till this is conquer'd, I ſhall not ariſe,
Nor be deliver'd from mine Enemies.
This Traytor makes my very Heart to faint,
And does occaſion moſt of my Complaint;
For by's conſpiring with the *Beaſt* and *Devil*,
I am ſurrounded with the preſent evil.
Beſides theſe Foes of my forlorn Eſtate,
There is another ſtrong Confederate,
The proud, imperious and inſulting *Whore*,
Of whom I made a ſad Complaint before;
She with laſcivious Looks and wanton Eyes
Prompts on to *Luſt* and all *Debaucheries*;
By her *fallacious* and *bewitching Charms*
She does intice *great Men* into her Arms,

Cor-

Corrupting Princes by her *Incantations*,
Deſtroys the brave *Nobility of Nations*.
Great God aſſiſt me e'er my Spirits fail!
That I the *State of Monarchs* may bewail,
Who to her *Yoke* yield their *Illuſtrious Necks*,
And move (like *Vaſſals*) at her *ſawcy becks*.
Oh! they that ſhould *My Nurſing-fathers be*,
Are *Executioners of Cruelty*,
By this *Whore's Influence*, the *Civil Power*
Is made a *dreadful Engine* to devour
The *Saints of God*, and kick at the *Creator*;
But let them know that Sovereign *Arbitrator*
Of all their *Deſtinies*, is Great and Juſt,
And can, *at pleaſure*, tumble them to *Duſt*.
What pity is't that Dukes and Noble-Peers,
With other *Hero's*, ſhould for many years
Thus truckle to that proud, uſurping *Whore*,
And for her ſake inſlave themſelves? Nay more,
Exhauſt their *Treaſure*, and debaſe their *Name*,
And bring themſelves to ſuch *reproach* and *ſhame*,
By thus ingaging in her *Helliſh Plots*,
Which faſtens on them *Everlaſting Blots*.
That ſhameleſs *Strumpet*, whoſe accurſed *Wiles*
Trappans the *Conſcience*, and the *Soul* beguiles,
When ſhe involves them in the deepeſt guilt,
She does pretend to waſh away the *filth*,
By impious Pardons! Yea, to ſuch an height
Does ſhe bewitch Men, that the very ſight
Of *Tyburn*, cannot move them to confeſs,
Their load of Guilt and horrid Wickedneſs;
It is her Art, when they are parting hence,
To ſteel their Fronts with ſhameful impudence.
When they are drawn to a deſerved Death,
With Lyes ſhe makes them to reſign their breath.
She makes them drink till they forget their fears,
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears;

Who

Who (like ill Angels) round about them hover,
For fear they ſhould her Rogueries diſcover.
When ſome are ſtretcht upon the fatal Block,
And Juſtice ready to diſcharge the ſtroak;
Such is the ſtrength of her Inebriation,
That they (oh horrible) on their Salvation,
Proteſt they'r Innocent! when all the while
No Treaſon ever did appear ſo vile,
Than that for which Impartial Juſtice hath
Judg'd them, as Traytors, to deſerved Death.
Rome (by their frantick Reſolutions) would
Out-face the Sun, and baffle (if ſhe could)
The cleareſt Proofs, and ſolid'ſt Evideace
Produc'd by Heav'ns unerring Providence.
Ah! Cruel Miſtreſs of deluded Souls!
That's not content to make them arrant Fools,
To loſe Eſtates and Lives, but muſt thereby
Make them ſtab Conſcience when they come to (dye.
She, to encourage Treaſons, does prefer
Thoſe Traytor-Martyrs in her Calender.

Sion's Sons.

THis Whore and Beaſt in Intereſt are ſo join'd,
That many puzzl'd are, which way to find,
Wherein they differ, pray tell us therefore,
How is the *Beaſt* diſtinguiſh'd from the *Whore?*

Sion.

16 THE *Pope's* the *Beaſt*, uſurping over all,
A Power Supreme and Magiſtratical;
This Scarlet Beaſt does in the ſtricteſt ſenſe,
Lay claim to Secular Preheminence.
The *Roman* Empire loſt the Ruling Seat,
The Pope uſurpt it, and from thence grew great,

All

All Kings that he could by his craft allure,
Receive their Power and Inveſtiture.

This Whore cannot be the Beaſt:

16 1. *Becauſe the Beaſt is expreſt in the* Maſculine Gender, *the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, and the Beaſt that was, and is not, even* HE *is the Eight, and of the Seven,* i. e. *He came up by means of the Liberty and large Revenues. The Seven Heads,* viz. *The Chriſtian Emperors gave to the Church and Church-men, though a different and diſtinct ſort of Government to all before it, but Myſtery* Babylon *is expreſt by the* Feminine Gender, *a Woman, a Whore,* Mother of Harlots; *I ſaw the Woman drunk with the blood of the Saints,* &c. *And when I ſaw her, I wondred,* &c.

2. *The Angel deſcribes them diſtinct, the one from the other, a Beaſt and Whore; I* John *ſaw them as clearly diſtinct as a Beaſt is from her that ſits upon him, and I ſaw a Woman ſit upon a Scarlet coloured Beaſt,* Rev. 17. 3.

3. *If the Beaſt and Whore were one and the ſame, then the Whore ſits up and rides upon herſelf; than which nothing can be more abſurd and ridiculous.*

4. *There is as real a difference between the Man of ſin, and the Whore or Falſe-church, as is between Chriſt and the True-church: the Beaſt or Antichriſt is the Head, the Whore is the Body; and indeed it was by renouncing the Headſhip and Government of Chriſt Jeſus, and eſpouſing, owning, and ſwearing to the Headſhip and Supremacy of the Pope, that firſt gave the Church of* Rome *the denomination of a Whore; for a Woman that has Two Heads, Two Husbands, can be no other.*

5. *More-*

5. *Moreover 'tis evident that the Beaſt ſhall remain though in Captivity, his Power being taken away, after the Whore is deſtroyed and burned with Fire,* Rev. 19. 19, 20. Dan. 7. 26.

From him: the *Whore*'s th'[17] *Eccleſiaſtick* State,
Or *Romiſh Hierarchy*, that take her Seat
Upon the back of his Ten horned Steed, [bleed.)
(Which gores my ſide, and makes my Children

17 *Though 'tis granted the Magiſtratical Power of Popiſh Kings in large ſenſe is ſignified by the Beaſt who do ſupport the Eccleſiaſtick State or falſe Church, yet originally it more ſtrictly reſides in the Pope, for by a voluntary ſubmiſſion to him, he is become their Maſter, as* Du Moulin, *page* 161. *obſerves, their Crowns being at the Popes diſpoſal, who takes it, and gives it (ſaith he) to whom he thinks good, which things have been noted by* Guicciardine, *that famous Hiſtorian, in his Hiſtory of the riſes and advancements of the Pope.*

Sion's Sons.

SHall we (indanger'd by her Plots) ariſe (ſies?
To curb this Whore, that our great God de-
Why ſhould her Treaſon any more annoy
Thy precious Saints and Nations thus deſtroy?
Lets make her drink in that invenom'd Cup
She fills for us, ſhall ſhe not ſwill it up?
Will none fall on, provok'd by flaming ire,
To eat her Fleſh, and burn her in the fire?

Sion

Sion.

WHo inſtrumental in that work ſhall be;
Read well the Sacred Scriptures, you may ſee
Rev. Iſa. Jer.
And ſince the matter you do underſtand,
It brings me comfort on the other hand:
As 'twas foretold in Sacred Scripture ſtory*
You are enlighten'd with the Angel's glory;
As for my Children who before did live,
Light from this Angel they could not receive.
My Children brought forth in the latter days,
Shall do great matters to *Jehovah*'s praiſe.
I ſee ſome good Men do deſire to know
The time when they this Whore ſhall overthrow;
I cannot blame them for this very thing,
To the whole World it will much glory bring.
Then ſhall the Goſpel through the Earth be ſpread
And Men inſtead of Husks ſhall feed on Bread;
God's Worſhip ſhall its freedom then enjoy,
Rome's Locuſt then ſhall you no more annoy,
There ſhall be then a wonderful increaſe,
Of *Sion*'s glory and of *Iſrael*'s peace;
Then ſhall my Children in ſweet conſort ſing
Anthems of Joy to the eternal King.
No Names then of diſtinction more ſhall be,
But ſpeak one Language all they ſhall agree
In Peace, and Oneneſs and bleſt Harmony;
But to reply to what you have requir'd,
At preſent you muſt keep your ſelves retir'd;
Make no attempts, until the Lord on high,
Does give you ſtrength this *Babel* to defie.
You now do ſeem to lie as Perſons dead,
As being unable to erect your Head:
But then you ſhall appear to be alive,
The Spirit of the Lord ſhall you revive:

God

God hath (I know) ſet down the time exact,
When he'll begin this ſtrange and dreadful Act,
To the confuſion of your Enemies.
When God ſhall call his Witneſſes to riſe;
Then from the Heavens they ſhall hear a voice,
Which ſhall make all their Spirits to rejoice.
Then ſhall they have ſo evident a call,
That they ſtreight-way ſhall on this Strumpet fall.
With patience therefore wait upon the Lord,
Until his ſaving ſtrength he doth afford.
To him you are to make your ſupplication,
For from him only is my expectation.
O ſigh with me, and in your Spirits groan,
And ſend ſtrong Cries up to his gracious Throne;
Give him no reſt (till in thoſe glorious days.)
Of all the Earth I'm made the only praiſe.
And I'll lift up my voice to God on High,
And make my moan to him, and thus will cry.

Sion's Prayer.

O Lord of Hoſts, conſider my Eſtate,
Let me remain no longer deſolate.
Have I not been moſt precious in thy ſight?
O do not therefore my Petition ſlight;
O let thy Bowels to my Children move,
In tender token of Paternal Love.
Shall *Sion* Totter, and the Beaſt grow ſteddy
In his proud Seat? Haſt thou not try'd already,
What ſome advantage, or what Goſpel good,
Is to be hop'd for from the wicked Brood?
Canſt thou expect they'll ſerve thee better now?
Are they more like to bleſs the World below,
Than thy poor *Sion*? If their meaſures be
Repleted brimfull of Iniquity,
Then by juſt forfeiture, their right is gon,
To Earthly Power and Dominion.

Will

Will theſe thy ſaving Goſpel-truths preſerve?
Or in pure Worſhip at thine Altars ſerve?
Will theſe protect the innocent and good,
And not provoke thee with their crying blood?
Will they make Judgment in right chanels go?
Extirpate Vice? Make Righteouſneſs to flow
Like mighty ſtreams? Are they in Covenant
With thee? Or wert thou ever pleas'd to grant
Them any Promiſes that they ſhould wear
The ſacred Badges of thy Name? And bear (men,
The Sovereign Rule? Will Fathers, and young
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honour'd then?
Shall they not rather, by their barb'rous hands,
Be butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?
Will not thy Childrens Souls in danger be
Of ſwift Damnation, by *Rome*'s Blaſphemy?
If Laud on Earth and Praiſes will be given,
If Hallelujahs will be ſung in Heaven,
To thy great Name, for raiſing *Babylon*,
And bringing *Sion* to Deſtruction:
If then the door of Grace be open'd more,
For mens ſalvation than it was before.
If Sinners acceſs unto the Bleſſed *Jeſus*,
Be made more free; if cure of Soul Diſeaſes
Be then more eaſie, then let *Sion* fall,
And *Rome* uſurp dominion over all.
But if in ſight of thine all-ſeeing Eye,
Their monſtrous Crimes are of ſo black a Dye:
If from their very ſpringing they have been,
The vileſt Wretches, and the worſt of Men:
If for the future they intend to be
The Perpetrators of all Villany.
If their black ſins of groſs Idolatry,
Pride, horrid Murthers and Adultery,
Mount up to Heavens great imperial Throne,
If thy oppreſſion makes thy Churches groan;

If

If they will burn thy Scriptures and ſuppreſs
All Books that treat of Goſpel-Holineſs?
If guiltleſs Souls of every Sex and Age,
Will be made Sacrifices to their Rage;
If they are Foes without thy Covenants,
If they will trample on thy precious Saints;
If they (becauſe thou didſt not hear and ſave
Thy praying *Sion*, from a ſinking Grave)
Deride thy Glory, and blaſpheme thy Name, *Deut.*
And put thy faithful Ones to open ſhame. 32,36
Then hear, O Lord, thou ſeeſt my power is gone,
In thee I truſt, beſides thee there is none,
That can thy *Sion*, from her Foes deliver,
O draw ſome flaming Arrows from thy Quiver
To quell the pride of this oppreſſing Crew,
Thy mighty Arm alone can them ſubdue.
On thee I fix an abſolute reliance,
Do thou but help, I'll bid them all defiance.
Hear and conſider, for thy Mercy ſake,
On gaſping *Sion* ſome compaſſion take.
I have been ranſom'd with thy precious Blood
Of thy dear Son, and fill'd with Heav'nly Food.
O Lord, I pray, thy Churches ſins forgive,
And in ſweet concord let thy Children live;
Teach them true ſaving knowledg from thy word
That they may worſhip thee with one accord.
Thou canſt the Proſtrate raiſe, and cure his wound
For nothing difficult for thee is found.
Thou knowſt my grief, O Lord, incline thine Ear,
Revive my hope, and chace away my fear.
In *Achor's* Valley open thou a Door,
And make me ſweetly ſing as heretofore;
I pray thee break the bonds of my diſtreſs,
And lead me from this doleſome Wilderneſs.
O let me ſhine lik *Sol's* illuſtrious light,
And b'as an Army terrible in fight.

Pull

Pull off that Veil that does thy *Sion* cover,
Those Clouds, O scatter, that I may discover
What thou doest mean by this thy dispensation,
And what my Work is in this Generation.
Its time for thee to plead thy Peoples cause,
When wicked Men make void thy righteous Laws:
Thou canst destroy them with their brimful Cup,
And lofty Cedars, by the roots pull up;
But, Lord, remember for to spare thy Vine,
That spreding Plant which thou hast chosen thine,
Make that to flourish and be ever green,
And full of Clusters, as before 't has been.
From *Ægypt* thou hast brought it heretofore:
From thence, I pray, deliver it once more;
Let thine hand plant it, give it steadfast root,
That all the Land may feast upon its Fruit;
O let its Cordial Juice the Nation fill,
And let its boughs o'ershadow ev'ry Hill;
From Sea to Sea do thou her Branches send
And her from all her Enemies defend;
Make up her Hedge, her Fence, be thou a Wall,
To keep her from the violence of all
Rapacious Bears, and from the greedy Boar
That would destroy it, and its Fruit devour;
Lord, from on high, thy lovely Vine behold,
Thine own Plantation, valued more than Gold;
Canst thou deny thy helping hand the while,
Wild Beasts thy Vineyards ravage thus and spoil?
I am *Christ*'s Spouse, his undefiled One,
Canst thou permit me to be trod upon?
'Tis by thy Grace I am Intitled so,
Great God relieve me, and divert my wo;
I am surrounded on all sides with Pain,
O let me see thy lovely smiles again.
Thou hast withdrawn the beamings of thy grace,
And wrapt in clouds the splendor of thy Face;

O this

O this has caus'd ſuch anxious grief and ſmart,
As tears my Soul, and rends my very Heart
To tears of blood, whilſt thou the glorious Sun
Of Light art hid: O whither ſhall I run,
For beams of comfort in this doleſome hour,
Whilſt I lye delug'd in this briniſh ſhower?
More would ſhe ſpeak, but her great paſſion ties
Her mournful tongue: the Flood-gates of her eyes
In chryſtal ſtreams do repreſent an anguiſh,
That makes her vital operations languiſh
Sunk in deſparing ſwound, ſhe ſcarce appears
To breath or live, but by her ſighs and tears.

Sion's Sons.

MOurn, mourn, O Heav'ns; and thou, O Earth (bewail,
And weep ye Saints, until your ſpirits fail;
For ſhe that is the glory of the Earth,
Of the moſt Noble and Illuſtrious Birth,
Lyes ſadly weltring in a deep deſpair,
Her grievous ſorrows, can no tongue declare:
O that our brethren would, but haſten hither,
That in God's fear we may confer together;
You muſt needs grieve, when her complaints you (hear
Do not your Hearts diſſolve into a tear?
Do not your Eyes like to a Fountain ſtream?
And all your Joys turn to a mourning theam?
Does not your nightly reſt from you depart?
Are you not pierced to the very heart?
Are you not in the depth of bitterneſs,
Becauſe of *Sion* and her ſore diſtreſs?
How can your hearts delight in things below?
How can you ſleep in peace as others do?
How can we comfort have, or pleaſure find?
Or how can we the World's concernments mind?

How

How can we eat or drink with hearts content,
And not with grief poor *Sion*'s state lament?
How can we bear our Mother's doleful Cries,
She sighs, she sobs, she languishes, she dies;
In dreadful agonies, in bitter pain,
How can we brook her Enemies disdain?
She is reproach'd by every drunken Sot,
And thrown away like to a broken Pot.
She is despis'd and trod upon like Dung,
The Drunkard on her makes his dayly Song:
But *Christ* will turn and will expostulate
The Case with *Sion*, touching her Estate.
Why art thou sometimes up, then down again;
Sometimes at ease, sometimes in bitter pain?
They'r doubtless throw's, chear up and do not fear
For thy deliverance is very near.
Those lab'ring Pangs shall speedily be o'r,
Fear not, thou shalt not dye, one, or two more
Shall bring that Child into the World, which thou
Hast travell'd with in bitter pangs till now.
Address thy self to God, for surely he
From these thy Tortures will deliver thee,
'Tis he alone that brings unto the birth,
And does give strength and vigor to bring forth;
Then stay thy self upon this blessed Lord,
His gracious help he will to thee afford;
Upon his Promises do thou depend,
And thou shalt see deliv'rance in the end.
These words of Comfort like a Cordial wrought,
And to her senses, mourning *Sion* brought,
With languish'd looks, she cast a weeping Eye
Upon her Children, and renews her Cry.

Sion.

I Am afraid my God hath me forſook,
My ſighs he minds not, ſcarce beſtows a look.
His former pity, he hath quite forgot,
His Anger's kindled, & his Wrath is hot; [mourn?
When that burns ſore, How can I chuſe but
How am I ſpoil'd? How am I rent and torn?
I'm like a Ship with raging Tempeſt toſt
Midſt Rocks and Sands, juſt ready to be loſt:
Where ev'ry Billow does preſent a Grave,
And Death in Triumph rides on ev'ry Wave.
Ah! but I am engraven on his Hand,
And in his ſight for evermore ſhall ſtand.
Awake, O Arm of God, and do not ſtay,
My ſorrows are ſo great, O ſay not nay,
Hear me, Dear *Jeſus*, unto thee I cry,
Unleſs thou ſave me, I muſt ſurely dye.

Chriſt.

IN glorious Regions of approachleſs light
Where Joys unmixt with perfect Love unite;
There do I ſit, there do I ſee and hear
What Kings and Potentates conſulting are,
Reſounding in my Ears continually,
I hear a bitter and complaining Cry.
I feel my Bowels with compaſſion move,
And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love:
She whom I purchas'd with my deareſt Blood,
Seems drencht in Tears and drowned in a Flood;
Some grievous Sorrow or great Tribulation,
Extorts from her this doleful Lamentation,
Enough to pierce my tender Heart again,
And make the Temple rend once more in twain.

Alas, poor *Sion*! thy sad voice I hear,
I'll come and help thee, for I know thy fear,
And what occasions these thy languid Moans,
I know thy Sorrow, and I hear thy Groans.
'Tis I can still the bluft ring Winds and Seas,
And in thy greateft Anguish give thee ease.
'Tis I can wound, and cure; I build, I break,
I kill, I make alive; I give and take;
And can (if I think fit) make Nations shake,
And Kingdoms totter, reeling to and fro:
I, for thy sake, strange things will quickly do.
In thy affliction, great distress and pain,
Of which thou doft so grievously complain,
I am afflicted: What they do to thee,
Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me:
I tender thee as th' Apple of mine Eye,
Fear not therefore thy proudeft Enemy.
Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,
All power and wisdom's mine; and I know how
To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow.
I will arise and shew my Sovereignty;
I'll make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly;
Tho' with the Powers of Hell they have combin'd
I will pursue them, and they shall not find
A hiding-place my vengeance to avoid,
Till by my fury they be all deftroyed.
I will bring down each high and lofty Head,
Their mighty ones like Mortar I will tread
Thy Cause I'll plead, tho' silent I have stood
I'll be reveng'd for all the righteous blood,
That has run down like to a mighty floud.
And therefore now I'll make no long delay,
What's due to Juftice, they shall surely pay;
Besides the bloody wrongs thou doft repeat
The crying Martyrs loudly do intreat

Me

Me to avenge their blood, therefore I will
Come down in fury, and thoſe Monſters kill;
Then, thou before me very ſtrong ſhalt wax,
For I'll make thee my dreadful Battle-Ax.
Thy Horn ſhall Iron be, & thy Hoofs Braſs, (race.
With which thou ſhalt tread down the Serpent's
Thy Sons that ſcatter'd o'er the Earth throughout,
I will ſoon gather with a mighty ſhout.
The mighty they ſhall overcome with Slings,
And bind in Fetters perſecuting Kings.
I'll lay thy Stones with Colours fair and ſure,
Thy ſtrong Foundation ſhall be Saphyrs pure:
Although I ſeem'd to have forſaken thee,
Yet, from all Bondage I will ſet thee free:
Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,
I'll turn my Hand upon the bloody Whore;
Becauſe thou doſt my holy Name profeſs,
I'll break in pieces them that thee oppreſs:
Arm'd with Commiſſion from the great *Jehove*,
I will come down, and all thy Griefs remove.
All Weapons form'd againſt my *Sion* ſhall
Unproſp'rous prove, for I will break them all.
I'll teach thy Children, give thee laſting Peace,
Converted Gentiles ſhall the Church increaſe.
Though wicked Men with words do thee deride,
Thy Borders I'll enlarge on every ſide.
Each hungry Soul with plenty I will feed,
The Earth I will divide among thy Seed.
I've promis'd that they ſhall the World poſſeſs,
And will perform it now in Righteouſneſs.
I will deſcend unto my holy Hill,
The Earth with knowledge I will quickly fill.
I will ſuppreſs all Luxury and Riot,
The *Heathen* in my preſence ſhall be quiet.
Above all Kings I ſhall exalted be,
And rule the Earth with Sovereign Maieſty.

When all the Kingdoms in the World are mine,
Then thou in Beauty like a Queen shalt shine;
And with thy Children in sweet Consort sing
Triumphant Hallelujahs to our King.

Sion.

O Matchless Grace, and Love beyond degree!
Now I am certain there is none like Thee,
In Heav'n or Earth, were there ten thousand more,
For thou hast found a Salve for every Sore.
Transported by thy Love, with Joy I cry,
My ravisht Spirit must exalt the high
And mighty Lord, by whose unbounded Grace,
My Heart's enlarg'd to run the blessed Race.
Thou shalt conduct me to the living Springs:
From thence I'll mount up, as with Eagles Wings,
Unto the Heavenly Mount of Faith's *desire,*
Where I thy Grace *and* Glory *will admire:*
Then I'll descend from those *Abodes* above,
To be embraced in the *Arms of Love.*
I'll hold thee fast, and never let thee go,
For by *thy Loss,* O what a depth of Wo
Did I sustain! In what a *dreadful Case*
Was I, when thou didst hide thy *glorious Face!*
Thee having, tho' nought else, what have I not?
Without thee, tho' all else, what have I got?
Lord, having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
Without thee nothing is of worth to me;
All things are vile — when once compar'd to thee.
To be thy Portion, Lord, thou didst me chuse,
And thou my Portion art: I'll ne'er refuse
So rich a Grace: Thou art my Heritage,
Thou art a God of Love from Age to Age,
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee,
For thou alone, my Hiding-place shalt be.

In

In time of trouble and of fury great,
I will unto thy Holy Name retreat;
Which is a ſure defence to all that fly
With care and ſpeed from their Iniquity.
When I was down, thou lift'ſt me up on high,
And I thy Name will therefore magnifie.
O Lord, with Patience I will undergo
Their Indignation, for I well do know
I have provok'd thy great and glorious Name,
Which is the cauſe that I do ſuffer ſhame:
Although at preſent I am low and mean,
Poor and Deſpis'd, and ſo long time have been;
Thou canſt all Sorrows to thy *Sion* bleſs,
I therefore in thy pleaſure acquieſce;
I'll wait upon thee till thou doſt ariſe
To break in pieces all my Enemies!
My precious Cauſe then I do leave with thee,
Which thou, O Lord, wilt ſurely plead for me;
Thy Voice is to my *raviſht Soul* ſo ſweet,
That I'm reviv'd, and *ſet upon my Feet*:
I'll ſpeak thy *Praiſe in Songs*, becauſe I ſee
That *Glory* near, which thou haſt promis'd me.
And now thou *bloody Whore*, thou art my Foe,
My *time's at Hand*, which thou ſhalt quickly know.
My God has not forſaken me, for now
He will *advance me*, and make *thee to bow*:
Then ſhalt thou hide (for ſhame) thy *filthy Head*,
Whilſt I, *in Triumph*, *ſhall upon thee tread*;
Becauſe ſo long thou haſt upon me trod,
And in *Contempt* haſt ſaid, *Where is thy God?*
He will therefore in Right *retaliate*,
And bring juſt *Vengeance* on thy curſed *Pate*.

Babylon.

POOR Sion! *thou art much miſtaken;*
I'm mounted high, thou art forſaken:
Sure thou art Frantick, *when thou doſt*
Make ſuch a vain and groundleſs boaſt:
The final Conqueſt muſt be mine,
And ſwift Deſtruction muſt be thine;
For all my Wounds I've got a Cure,
From all your Darts *I am ſecure.*
I am arriv'd at height of Bliſs,
My Glory *in its* Zenith *is.*
I am a Queen, *and ſhall remain*
Supreme on Earth, *I only reign*
In glitt'ring Grandeur *over all:*
Great Monarchs *me their* Miſtreſs *call:*
How can I fall, when ſuch a Prop
Supports, as my Lord God the POPE?
All Men on Earth his Vaſſals *are,*
Who ſits in Peter's *Holy Chair;*
The Empire of the World *he hath,*
He keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.
Doſt think he fears the little tricks
Of thy ſmall brood of Hereticks?
He can make uſe (when he doth pleaſe)
Of Peter's Sword *as well as* Keys.
His Canons *roar as loud as* Guns,
To cruſh thy feeble, Pigmy Sons:
Let but his Bulls *give an* Alarm,
He'll make all Chriſtendom *to arm*
Themſelves in my defence, *and work*
Thine Overthrow; *didſt thou not lurk*
Some Hundred Years, *that none could ſee,*
Or know, what was become of thee?
He that could rend *thy force aſunder,*
Has ſtill the Strength *to keep thee under;*

He

He will thee in ſubjection keep,
So that thou ſhalt not dare to peep.
Am I not armed with the Power
Of all the Earth ? *I can devour*
Your Int'reſt at a *ſingle Meſs,*
I have *fit Cooks ſuch* Meals *to dreſs* ;
Th' Imperial *and the* Regal *Sword*
Are brandiſh'd when I give the word:
Great Princes, Dukes *and* Nobles *will*
With all their force *my* Mind *fulfil* ;
My Gentry, *who brave* Hero's *are,*
Reſolved be, no Pains *to ſpare* ;
Their Very Lives *they'l freely* ſpend
To bring my Purpoſe *to an end* ;
My Briſk Monſieurs, *my* Spaniſh Dons,
Will over-match *thy ſilly* Sons:
My Rogues in Grain, *I ready have*
Obedient, like a Turkey Slave:
If bid to thruſt their bloody Knives
In Throats of Fathers, Children, Wives,
In any's, *but their* own, *they'l do't,*
And lay them ſprawling at my Foot.
I've Teagues *and* Tory's *at my* Beck,
Will wring their Heads *as* Chickens Neck ;
Try'd Villains ! that will never ſtart
From Mother's Womb *to tear the Heart*
Of Unborn-Infants ; *they'l deflour,*
Then rip her up in half an hour:
Faint Rogues *will melt with qualms of fears*
At Fathers Groans, or Mothers Tears ;
But mine are void of any Senſe,
Not plagu'd with bawling Conſcience.
To ſome I give no conſtant pay,
Yet they can hunt and live by Prey.
Your Infants that (like Carps) *are ſtew'd*
In their own blood, their Chops *have chew'd.*

Thy Father's Cawls *ſhall make a light*
For thoſe Sweet Banquets of the Night.
What e'er my greedy Stomach *craves,*
But Ned, 'tis done, by ready Slaves:
They know no ſcruples *nor* diſpute,
But all juſt like a Turkiſh Mute.
Beſides all theſe, I could deſcribe
Vaſt Muſters *of my* Sacred *Tribe:*
My Clergy *makes a num'rous Hoſt,*
That wait in ſwarms in every Coaſt.
Yea, e'en in all Rebellious Regions,
I have in ſecret *armed Legions:*
A great Grandee *my* Enſign *carries,*
The Jeſuits *are my* Janiſaries.
Thou ſee'ſt what Troops *do guard my* Chair,
What canſt thou do then, but deſpair?
Thou ſee'ſt me lodg'd in ſafe abode,
Whilſt thou'rt forſaken by thy God.
He's doubtleſs pleas'd with my behaviour,
For I alone have got his Favour.
Th' Apocalyptick Prophecy
You falſly *do to me apply;*
For I from Sin *am waſhed clean;*
Thou art the Whore, *he there does mean:*
I am the Church, *and therefore I,*
Thy Threats, *Thy* GOD, *and* Thee defie.

Sion.

LEave off, leave off, thou *Bloody minded Whore:*
Imagine not that thou ſhalt *Evermore*
Thus *domineer* in *Pomp and ſawcy Pride,*
For God, e'er long, thy *Rulers will divide.*
Thoſe *Mighty Ones* in whom is *all thy Truſt,*
Long ſhall not hold, but into *pieces* muſt
Be ſurely broken: Thou ſhalt *quickly* ſee
The *ſwift beginning* of thy *Miſery.*

Thoſe

Those that did love thee *most*, will hate thee so,
That they will seek thy utter *Overthrow*;
As was their *love*, their *hatred* then will be,
And to *destroy thee* they will *all agree*.
Thou hast *inslav'd them* to thy *brutish Lust*,
Whilst they (like *simple Fools*) in no wise durst
Offend or cross thy *base* and *bloody mind*;
That they have been *bewitch'd*, they then will find,
By thine *alluring Voice*, and *lustful Eye*,
To join with thee in *black Iniquity*.
Thy *Flatteries* shall *then no more deceive*;
Nor *thy base Whoredoms* Thousands more bereave
Of *inward Peace*, and *outward Riches*, so
As they have been, to their *Eternal Wo*:
Then shall they see thy *Villainous Intent*,
In *setting them* against the *Innocent*.
To *glut* thy base adulterous *desire*,
Their *sinful Hearts* were in a *flaming fire*,
And through the *instigation* of the *Devil*,
Became Partakers of this *monstrous Evil*.

But, what approaches? Hark! methinks I hear
Some *dreadful Noise*! See how the *Mountains* tear
And *mighty Hills* do into *pieces* fly;
Whilst *Lightning* flashes through the *angry Sky*;
The *Stars* and *Planets* in confusion hurl'd,
Have banish'd *Nature's* Order from the World.
See how the melting *Orbs* of Heaven sweat,
Like Parchment parcht, and shrivel'd up with heat,
Loud *Thunder-cracks* through the *enraged Air*,
With frightful Aspects *Meteors* do appear,
To usher in the Day of Heav'ns *dread Ire*
On those, who do *against the Saints conspire*.
God's (long incensed) Majesty is come
To judge the Whore, and pass her final Doom.
Of *Treason* she is under an *Attainder*,
For which *impartial Justice* will *arraign* her.

She's ſeiz'd upon, and *in the Jaylors hands*,
Who only waits for *Juſtices Commands*.
Jehovah bids, that *Babylon* the Great
Be forthwith brought before his *Judgment-Seat*.

Juſtice.

MOſt Sovereign Lord, who is it dares gainſay
What thou command'ſt? I muſt and will o-
Lo, here I bring the *Scarlet Strumpet* forth (bey.
Before thee who created ſt Heav'n and Earth:
Thy *Judgment-Seat* ſhe ſeems to ſlight and ſcorn,
Says ſhe's as *guiltleſs as the Child unborn*.

Jehovah.

HER *Crimes lay open, and her Facts declare,*
Turn up her Skirts, and let her Faults appear:
Let th' Univerſe by her Indictment *ſee*
The cauſe of my moſt juſt Severity.

Juſtice.

D*Read Sov'reign of the World*! I will proceed,
And will her *black Indictment* loudly read.
Come forth, *Great Whore*! and hear your diſmal (*charge*;
Which ſhall by *proofs* be evidenc'd at larg.
By th' Name of *BABYLON*, thou'rt hither cited,
And by the Name of *Whore* thou ſtand'ſt indicted.
Thou void of *Grace*, and God's moſt *Holy Fear*,
To *Satan's Machinations* didſt adhere;
With him, to plot againſt thy Sov'reign Prince,
To whom thou ought'ſt to yield Preheminence.
In *Ancient times* he was thine only *Spouſe*,
(Our Holy Law no *Bigamy* allows)
Yet thou haſt him perfidiouſly forſook,
And to thy ſelf another Husband took;
And with a graceleſs *Impudence* art led
By thy lewd Train, to an *Adulterous Bed*.

Thou

Thou haſt dethron'd him, and thy *brazen face*
Sets up a *Monſtrous Traytor* in his place,
To whom thou haſt blaſphemous Titles given,
Exalting him above the *God of Heaven.*
Thou haſt not only play'd th' *Adultereſs*,
But plain *Idolatry* thou doſt profeſs;
Of *Treaſon*, *Murther*, *Theft* (abhorred things!)
Of burning Cities, Poiſoning of Kings,
Of undermining States, and furthermore,
Of ſpoiling Trade, and making Kingdoms poor,
Of horrid Plots, of cauſeleſs bloody Wars,
And of contriving cruel *Maſſacres*,
Thou guilty art; thy bloody Rage has hurl'd
Millions of Innocents out of the World:
Prodigious Numbers have in divers Lands
Been *ſacrific'd* by thy blood-thirſty Hands.
Inſatiate *Butcheries* that know no end!
Thou ſtabdſt Men, when thou *Pity* didſt pretend.
In times of *Peace* thy horrid rage has ſhed
Blood without Meaſure, thou haſt murthered
(*Perfidious Wretch*!) thy neareſt Neighbours when
They thought themſelves *the moſt ſecure of Men*,
Thou haſt made *Currents of their guiltleſs blood*
To run like *Waters* of a mighty Flood;
So void of Pity, your *inhumane rage*
Deſtroy'd the *Saints*, and ſpar'd no *Sex* nor *Age*.
Speak *Bloody Whore*, *hold up thy Graceleſs Head*,
Guilty, *or Not*? *By Law thou art to plead.*

Babylon.

Look down, *bleſt Virgin*! *and bid* Juſtice *ſtay*
Speak to thy Son *to drive my* Foes *away*:
You Glorious Saints, *who near St.* Mary *ſtand*,
In my diſtreſs, *lend me your helping hand.*
All Angels *and* Arch-Angels *I invoke*,
To ſtrengthen me, *and to divert the Stroke*:

Theſe

Theſe Hereticks *will work my Overthrow,*
I am amaz'd, I know not what to do!

Beelzebub.

WHat needs my Darling *thus to ſtand and pauſe?*
Thou know'ſt the Cuſtom of our Romiſh *Laws,*
Though black as Hell, *yet be not ſo forlorn;*
Swear that thou'rt guiltleſs, as the Child unborn.
What Violence to Hereticks *you do,*
Is lawful, honeſt, and your Duty too.

Juſtice.

PLead, *Vile Delinquent!* or thou ſhalt receive
The *Fatal Sentence* which I am to give.

Babylon.

I Do affirm the Charge is falſe, *and I*
All Points of this Indictment *do deny.*
Produce your Proofs, I'll ſtand in juſt Defence
Of my apparent, ſpotleſs Innocence.

Juſtice.

THAT, like a *Harlot*, of thine own accord,
Thou haſt forſaken thine eſpouſed Lord,
Will be made evident (to thy diſgrace)
By clear *probation* in its proper place.
You ſay, that you your God can daily make,
Which is an Idol of a *Wafer Cake.*
If thou doſt *Shrines* and *Images* adore,
And prov'd to be th' *Apocalyptick Whore*;
If thou upon the *Scarlet Beaſt* doſt ſit,
And Lewdneſs with ſo many Kings commit;
It clearly follows from theſe *Marks*, that thou
Art a meer *Strumpet*, and haſt broke thy *Vow.*
If thou art by the *Papal Edicts* led,
Diſowning Chriſt, and making *that* thy Head:

The

The conſequence is clear, for thou muſt be
Guilty of *Whoredom* and *Idolatry.*
And, to examine thy notorious Deeds,
This great *Tribunal* out of Hand proceeds:
Call in the Witneſſes ——

Waldenſes,
Albigenſes,
Proteſtants of *Piedmont,*
Savoy, &c.

——D*Read Lord! we're here,*
And with our juſt Complaints *do now appear.*
That Bloody Whore, *the Priſ'ner* at the Bar,
Has follow'd us with a perpetual War,
Becauſe we would not to her Idols *bow,*
Nor her curs'd Edicts *and* baſe Pranks *allow.*
About the diſmal Year of *Fifty Five,*
A *dreadful Maſſacre* ſhe did contrive
Within the Territories of *Savoy,*
Where thirty Thouſand Souls ſhe did deſtroy
In three days time; curs'd *Edicts* bid them turn
To *Popery,* or they muſt hang or burn.
Which when thoſe *Innocents* refus'd to do,
Moſt horrid *Execution* did enſue; (beaten
Our Brethrens Brains out of their Heads were
And by her Imps were fry'd, and after eaten:
Our Children rent to pieces, thrown to Dogs,
And our dear Paſtors flung (as Meat) to Hogs;
Others on Pikes into the Air were toſt,
And many others they alive did roaſt; (hearts,
Some ty'd with Ropes they pierc'd unto the
And hung up others by their *Secret Parts.*
Houſes and Barn-fulls they have burn, ſo that
Our *Suff'rings* are beyond an *Eſtimate.*

Bohemia.
Germany.
Poland.
Lithuania, &c.

TO ſatisfie this cruel *Strumpets* Luſt,
Some Thouſands have been turned into Duſt:
Our Towns and famous Cities of Renown
She hath diſ-peopled, burnt or broken down:
The Ruins ſtill appear and Deſolations
In many places of our *ſpoiled Nations.*
Great Multitudes un-numbred were our Slain
Which in the Field unburied did remain:
Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam
And then conſum'd them in a lingring Flame.
Some ſhe has into boiling Cauldrons put,
And many others into pieces cut,
Without reſpect unto the *Hoary* Head,
Into their *Throats* they powr'd down melted *Lead*;
And many other Deaths ſhe did contrive:
Some burned were, and others flead alive.
Into deep *Mines* three thouſand Souls and more,
At ſeveral times were tumbled by this *Whore*;
Becauſe they would not their *Religion* leave,
And unto *Romiſh Superſtition* cleave:
That worthy Man *John Huſs*, was burn'd to *death*,
For owning of the *Apoſtolick Faith*;
Jerom of *Prague*, to fill her *Meaſure* up,
She made, ſoon after, drink of the ſame *Cup.*
'Twere endleſs to enumerate our grief:
From thee, *Juſt Judge*, we do expect Relief.

France.

AH! How ſhall I my inward grief diſcloſe!
What *Tongue* is able to recount my Woes?

Pro-

Prodigious numbers of my *Natives* have,
By this *Whores* means, found an untimely *Grave.*
The Barb'rous *Harlot* would not be content,
To kill or drive them into *Baniſhment*;
But with unheard of *Cruelties* ſhe muſt
Their Bodies *mangle*, to aſſwage her *Luſt*;
Some hang'd in *Water*, yield their ſtrangled *breath*;
Some brain'd on *Anvils*, ſome were *ſtarv'd to death*;
Some haul'd with *Pullies*, till the *Top* they meet
With heavy Weights and Loads upon their feet.
Rape't Maidens ſtab'd, poor Infants yet unborn,
From Mother's Wombs by *bloody Hands* were torn.
How many thouſand *guiltleſs Chriſtians* were
Butcher'd in the *Pariſian* Maſſacre?
Some broke on *Croſſes*, ſome were cut in twain,
Whilſt others languiſh in a lingring pain.
Our Worthy Kings have loſt their *Noble Lives*
By *Jeſuits Poyſons*, and by *Monkiſh Knives.*
I can produce an uncontroll'd *Record*
Of many thouſands murther'd by the *Sword.*
She thought it Favour ſo to give them Death;
In lingring Torments many loſt their Breath:
In all that witty Horror could invent,
Some added thouſands to their Graves were ſent.
And when the crimſon Fountain ſeem'd drawn dry
Deſired Reſt had ſcarcely clos'd mine Eye,
But loud Alarums made her from me fly.
A new-born Sorrow ſwell'd my Tide of grief,
New Plagues remov'd the Hopes of my relief.
A bloody Monſter, who no pity knows,
She raiſed up to multiply my Woes.
A proud Inſulter whom no Oaths can bind,
An arbitrary Tyrant unconfin'd
To ought but Cruelty, nurs'd up in Blood,
An Enemy to all that's Juſt and Good;

For-

Forgetting my dear Children fix'd his Throne,
Which Powerful Factions ſtrove to tumble down:
Ingratefully he turns his Sword on them
That help'd him to my ill-plac'd Diadem.
And firſt, to pleaſe the *Scarlet Whore* of *Rome*,
My Miniſters to ſilence he did doom;
But that ſufficed not, her Rage was more,
A bloody Vengeance ſhe has yet in ſtore:
The Sacred Edicts were revok'd, all Laws
Are broke that ſeem'd to favour their juſt Cauſe,
All Royal Oaths and Sacred Ties are made
Meer Proſtitutes; my *Lambs* once thus betray'd;
Their Folds ſet open to the *Wolves* of prey,
Grown big with Murthers, howling night and day
For *Martyrs* Blood, they then brook no reſtraint,
But ruffling on, whole Towns in Crimſon paint.
No Age nor Sex eſcape the Helliſh Train
That dare the Goſpel Purity maintain.
The Name of *Proteſtant* is ſo abhorr'd,
That 'tis a Crime in them, to ſerve the Lord.
The odious Name of *Hugonot* is given
To all that dare adore the King of Heaven:
No Truſts nor Places they to them allow,
Unleſs they will to curſed Idols bow;
Fall proſtrate to this wicked *Scarlet Punk*,
Whoſe Fornications make the Nations drunk:
This they refuſ'd, as Conſcience did command;
Then horrid Perſecutions ſpread my Land.
The *Whore* incites her ſpurious *Brat* to bend
His utmoſt Rage to make of them an end.
A Helliſh Crue of curſt Dragoons are ſent,
Like Locuſts, my dear Children to torment:
Theſe in all Places with a hideous Cry,
Bid them adore the Beaſt, or they muſt dye.
Whilſt *Babel*'s Prieſts like *Satan*'s Legions watch
To ruin Souls, and e'en Salvation grutch

To

To thoſe that ſeek it in the pureſt way ;
For not content to make their Goods a prey,
Deſtroy their Stocks, and Houſes ſet on Fire,
A farther Rage their flinty Breaſts inſpire ;
Upon their Perſons then they exerciſe
Their Spleen, and in unheard of Cruelties
Out-do the barbarous Nations ; Cries nor Tears
Of Infants, Widows, nor of aged years,
At all can move them ; Torments are their Sport,
And ſtill new Orders, from their bloody Court,
Give Fuel to their Rage, to ſwell it more,
Which was too helliſh of it ſelf before.
Infants are dragg'd from Breaſts where they (were nurſt,
And into Monaſtries by force are thruſt,
There to be train'd up Drudges, and advance
A falſe Religion ſeal'd with Ignorance :
Their Parents to the utmoſt Torture put ;
Some ſmoak'd to death, ſome into pieces cut ;
Some naked roll'd on broken Glaſs, and ſome
Pinch'd and kept waking, till, quite overcome,
Life fail'd, and Death in kindneſs ſet them free,
Scorning to be out-done in Cruelty,
Grinn'd horribly, that Mortals durſt invent (ſent.
Worſe Plagues than e'er from his dark Land were
Some were hung up in Chimnies, there to roaſt,
The Feet of others at large Fires they toaſt :
Some into Wells inhumanely they threw,
And either Sexes Bodies up they blew (ſhave,
With Bellows till they burſt ; Grey Heads they
Both Hair and Skin ; Some of their Wits bereave,
By forcing Kettles o'er their Heads, and round
With their Sword-hilts making perpetual ſound :
Others again had Wine pour'd down their Throats
Till *drunk*, againſt their *wills*, they then are *brought*

To

To Maſs and Abjuration, and if back
They dare but look, the Torments of the Rack
They undergo, or Wheels their Bodies break.
Virgins and Wives are ſtript to make them Mirth,
And ſometimes are in Paſtime ſcourg'd to death.
Flight is deny'd to ſuch as would remove,
And for Religion leave all elſe they love:
Thoſe that attempt it to dark dungeons thrown,
In Chains breath out their Souls, no pity's ſhown
To Age or Sex, to high or low degree,
The Court and Cottage feel the dire Decree:
No Refuge Cities can their Grief aſſwage,
Hot Perſecutions through the Kingdoms rage:
For Conſcience 'tis the perſecuted dye,
And yet this *Scarlet Strumpet* does deny
Them to be Chriſtians, calls them Hereticks,
Becauſe they hate her Antichriſtian Tricks:
Though murthered by her Rage, no Burial they
Obtain, but are thrown out to Beaſts of prey.
Thus they are us'd, till many tir'd at length
With newcoin'd Torments beyond human ſtrength
Do ſeemingly with her falſe Church comply,
And with their Tongues, made give their Hearts (the Lye.

The Miniſters that ſcap'd from Baniſhment,
More cruel us'd, are to the Galleys ſent:
Till within ten years paſt this fruitful Land
Thinner by Millions, is oblig'd to ſtand
Murther'd or fled from the Hell Tyrants hand,
Who with the *Whore* no Paſtime counts ſo good,
As to be drunk with *Chriſt*'s dear Members blood.
It would require whole *Volumes* to tranſcribe
The *bloody Acts* of this *Infernal Tribe.*
Deep dolour hinders what I would ſay more!
O *Glorious Judge*! avenge me on this *Whore.*

Italy,

Italy,
Spain,
Portugal,
Low Countries, &c.

REnowned Judge! thoſe *Witneſſes* that have
Their *Grief* preſented and do *Judgment* crave,
Save us much labour, for we heretofore
Have felt the ſame, from this blood-thirſty Whore.
Beſides, being next her *Seat,* and near her *Power,*
Her *greedy Jaws* our *Brethren* did devour
With cruel Spite, and *without Intermiſſion,*
We have been tortured in her *Inquiſition.*
No *Tongue* can ſpeak the *unexampl'd Terrour*
Of that curſt Pattern of *Infernal Horrour.*
They count it mild, when they our *Perſons* burn,
And *Wives* and *Children* into *Aſhes* turn: (cut,
They ſay they're *courteous* when our *Throats* they
Or when in *Dungeons* (vile as *Hell*) we're put;
They ſay they favour us, when they employ
Their Daggers, Piſtols, Axes to deſtroy.
In lingring Flames they did our Brethren roaſt,
On Halberts tops we ſaw our Infants toſt:
All this we've ſuffer'd, and a Thouſand more,
And that by means of this Infernal Whore.

Ireland.

COuld deepeſt Grief receive Additions, I
Would give Examples of her Cruelty.
I can her in more monſtrous colours draw,
Than bloody *Nero* or *Caligula.*
Thoſe horrid Tortures, which my Brethren ſay
She exercis'd on them, the ſame I may

Affirm

Affirm t'have suffer'd, by the instigation
Of this vile Strumpet, whose Abomination
Stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation:
Her cursed Priests, when first they did begin
Our Massacre, proclaim'd it was a sin
Unpardonable, if they durst to give
Quarter, or our Necessities relieve;
Some they stript Naked, then they bid them go
Through Bogs & Mountains in the Frost & Snow:
Men, Women, Children, then were butchered,
And all that spoke our Language punished;
The very Cattle, if of *English* breed,
They slaiht and mangled, that they could not feed,
With joy, that *Romish* and rebellious Brood
Have washt their hands in martyr'd *English* blood.
Thousands of naked Protestants that fled
From these *Barbarians* have been famished.
Their faithless Gentry, that pretended love,
Perswaded th' *English* that they would remove
Their Goods to them. Yet (once possession got)
They (like perfidious Wretches) cut their Throat.
Numbers of naked Women they did drive
Into a Barn, and burnt them all alive.
Each Sex and Age, that could not from them fly,
Did by these Blood-hounds, without mercy die.
Once at the fatal Bridge of *Portladown*,
A thousand Souls these Miscreants did drown;
A couple (with five Children) first they hung,
And in a Hole th' expiring Bodies flung;
The youngest on the Mothers Breast did stick,
Cries *Mummy*, *Mammy*, yet is buried quick.
Some hackt to pieces, travelling Women stripp'd,
And half-born Infants from their Bellies ripp'd!
Which (with their Mothers) hungry Dogs did eat,
And Swine fed on them, as on common Meat.

When

When ſome poor Souls in burning Houſes cry,
The Villains ſaid, *How ſweetly do they Fry!*
When Holy Scripture in the flames did caſt,
They cry, *'Tis Hell-fire*, and a lovely blaſt;
That bleſſed Book, when ſome have trampled on,
They cry, *Plague on't, that ha' the miſchief done.*
They made poor Wives their Huſbands blood to ſpill
And trembling Youths, their aged Parents kill.
They forc'd the Son to ſtab his deareſt Mother,
And then one Brother to deſtroy the other.
Some they put faſt in Stocks, then teach a Brat
To rip them, and make Candles of their Fat.
How many Virgins did they raviſh firſt? (thirſt!
Then with their Hearts-blood quench their eager
Some they did bury juſt unto the Head,
And left them on ſurrounding Graſs to feed.
Stuck faſt on Tenter hooks grave Matrons were,
And Virgins hang'd up in their Mothers hair.
Some, with their ſmall Guts, then were forc'd to run
About a Tree, until their Life was gone.
The Mouths of godly Miniſters they cut
Unto their Ears; betwixt their Jaws they put
A monſtrous Gag, then with a Romiſh Scoff
They bid them *preach, their Mouths were large enough.*
In theſe the Furies brag'd, that (to their joy)
They did Two hundred thouſand Souls deſtroy.
Since that indeed I had a time of Reſt,
And hop'd to be no more by her oppreſs'd.
But ah! her perſecuting Rage purſu'd,
Again her hands are in my blood imbru'd.
Rapine and Murthers freſhly make me bleed,
Opening thoſe Wounds that late from pain were freed
By ſovereign Balm; but once that Monarch dead
Whoſe awful preſence fill'd her Imps with dread
She levell'd all her Thunders at my Head,

My

My Friends were outed, and my Foes ſet up,
Such as th'Abóminations of her Cup
Would freely quaff; aſpir'd to pull me down,
Back'd by her Agents too too near the Throne.
No ſooner ſhe the ſlackn'd Reins perceiv'd,
But me of all my Peace ſhe then bereav'd.
A roaring Rout of her Infernal Crew
To Ravagements and Rapines fiercely flew.
My Children pillag'd were in every part,
And forc'd to fly; nay, to increaſe my ſmart,
My Towns were fir'd, and where the Furies came,
My Surface ſeem'd but one great Field of Flame.
The Dungeons crouded were, where many dy'd,
And others they by Racks and Tortures try'd;
Whilſt ſome were wheedl'd out of Fear to join
With thoſe that wounded me in their Deſign
of wading in my Bowels, there to ſtain
Their hand in blood, and pile up heaps of ſlain,
The litle ſtream that's left they ſought to drain.
At Murthers bold, though in an open fight,
Her Bandogs fly: The noiſe of Arms affright
Them to the Bogs and Mountains: And, being beat,
They ſcarcely think them any ſafe retreat.
Thus *Roman* Cowards only dare invade
The helpleſs, deſtitute of friendly Aid.
Unequal numbers did my Sons oppreſs,
And drove them for a time to ſad diſtreſs.
In beſieg'd *Derry* megar Famine rag'd,
By that, more than the Foe, they were ingag'd;
Till near nine Thouſand ſtoop'd to ſullen Death,
Whoſe Icie hands bereav'd them of their Breath.
But Heav'n delay'd not long to eaſe their pains,
A timely Succour freed the poor Remains,
And made the Antichriſtian Crew retire,
Who in retreating ſet my Towns on Fire.

As if corrupted Natives had not been
Enough to plague me, Swarms of *French* call'd in,
Deſtroy'd my pleaſant Places, and laid waſte
By Slaughter, Spoil & Plunder where they paſt;
Nay, the dire Lot to ruine me was caſt.
A threatn'd Maſſacre hung o're my Head,
Which fill'd my Children with amaze and dread.
The Rivers ſwell'd with Blood, they ſeem to ſee
As heretofore, and fly the Tragedy,
Leaving their Goods a wealthy Spoil, and me
Near deſolate, o'rwhelm'd in Miſery,
To undergo this *Harlot*'s proud Decree.
A *Roman* Senate my good Laws controll'd,
My Liberties were all betray'd or ſold,
And *France*, for Copper, got my richeſt Gold.
Impoveriſh'd by ſuch ways they brought me low,
And bid me to this *Scarlet Strumpet* bow,
Or Fire and Fagots were for me in ſtore,
With Torments Mortals never try'd before:
But I, though faint and weak, did courage take,
Reſolv'd to dye e're I'd my Spouſe forſake,
Prepar'd my ſelf to meet the worſt of Harms,
And face grim Death in all his ghaſtly Forms,
E're I'd adulterate his Glorious Bed,
To whom by Faith and Love I'm firmly wed.
Whilſt this was in my thoughts, *Jehovah* ſent
My *Faith's Defender*, who the Innocent
Protected with his Sword and mighty Name,
Scattering my Foes where e're his Thunder came;
And bids me lift on high my drooping Head,
For now the danger from my Coaſt is fled.
My fainting Soul this raiſes, as a Ray (way,
Of Heavens bright Eye, the ſhades do chaſe a-
Whilſt routed Night retreats before the Day:
And glorious hopes inſpire my panting Breaſt,
That I ſhall ſee good days in Peace and Reſt.

But

But ſuch are my deep Wounds, my fatal Scars,
Imprinted on me by theſe latter Wars,
That many years cannot my Loſs repair,
How e'er Juſt Judge, I leave it to your Care:
And only pray, as others did before,
For a juſt Sentence on this bloody Whore.

Scotland.

O Monſtrous horror? Oh abhorred ſink
Of Villany! O bloody Throats that drink
The Bloods of Innocents! which oft they quaft
As freely as a common Mornings Draught!
Thouſands of mine were butcher'd by this Whore,
In that poor Nation, that has ſpoke before,
The ſufferings of my guiltleſs Natives were
Equal with theirs in every little there.
Yet this blood-thirſty Curtizan of *Rome*,
Was not content, but tortur'd me at home. (niſhed,
Some burnt, ſome hang'd, ſome ſcourg'd, ſome ba-
Some drown'd, and ſome in Dungeons murthered.
A ſinking Grief forbids me to inlarge,
Or elſe with eaſe I'd aggravate her charge.
Since Goſpel-Light did in by my Borders ſhine,
She thirſted to deſtroy both me and mine.
Her Imps all parts like filthy Locuſts fill,
And ſuch as they cannot delude, they kill.
Her Wolves put on the Habit of my Sheep,
And in their Folds deſtroy them as they ſleep.
They have an art to work upon the weak,
That they God's Order ſhould in pieces break;
Under pretences of reform'd Devotion,
They inſtigate the Rabble to Commotion;
That in thoſe troubled Waters they may fiſh,
And bring about their long expected wiſh.
Their curſed Politicks have been employ'd,
To ruine thoſe that they have ſo decoy'd.

A thou-

A thousand Forgeries they do invent,
To charge their Plots upon the Innocent:
That (whilst they act the Rogues in Masquerade)
Poor guiltless Saints the Victims may be made.
Strange Pollicies and Stratagems they try'd,
To turn my peaceful Sword into my side;
Till all my Veins were empty'd, that my Fall
A *Roman* Sacrifice *Baal*'s Priests might call:
How lately has her Scourge furrow'd my Back,
And left behind, her Rages bloody Track.
Poor *Arguil*'s Fate, and many hundred more,
Who came to rescue me, I must deplore,
And shed a Tear to wash away the blood
Upon my Face which Eighty five saw shed.
After which time I well perceiv'd a Chain
Forg'd in *Rome*'s Conclave did my hands restrain.
My Laws and Liberties were at a stand,
Law spoke not of it self, but by Command:
And Liberty in substance scarce was found,
But as some Ghost, its shade was seen around
Its Tomb to hover, hoping to get in,
And so possess the dear-lov'd Corpse again.
When my oppressed Children sought Relief,
Such as should succour them increas'd their grief:
Their tender Consciences none did regard,
But from their Rights, they were for Conscience barr'd.
And many into noisome Prisons cast
Whence to Eternity a number past.
All Trusts of Note the *Roman* Fav'rites got,
Ingrost my Land, and with a Zeal as hot
As Indignation, to my Sons could burn;
They vow'd they should to *Rome* or Ruin turn:
And promising the long-wish'd day their own,
They labour'd true Religion to dethrone,
And plant Idolatry. The Harlots Cup
Of dire Abominations was set up.

Mass-houses, where Dagon has aboad,
Were as Affronts built by the House of God.
The swearing Monks and Fryars crost the Main,
Dire Locust-like to eat me up again,
As once they did when Ignorance had spread
The World, and into Blindness Millions led,
Before the beaming Gospel gave us light,
And Reformation purg'd out Errors night. (drain
But when they thought my Heart's last blood to
And sink that little hope that did remain,
My Spouse, who's with his Church unto the end,
Rais'd up, and sent to my Relief a Friend
Who broke the mighty Project, baffl'd all
That had been hatching for my fatal fall.
The Cockatrices Nest was open laid,
And all the brooded Serpents in't displaid.
But this the haughty Harlot took so ill,
That she with War does persecute me still,
Herding her Imps with my rebellious brood,
Though beaten out, she labours to intrude,
And spread her Mischief, tho' for Mischiefs sake,
Without all hopes her former place to take.
Thus have I open'd something of my Grief,
And from the Judge expect a quick relief.

England.

HAD I as many Tongues at my commands,
As *Argus* Eyes, *Briareus* had Hands;
I scarce could in a Century express
One half of my unspeakable distress!
In every Age I had some Sons of Light;
That would discover *Romes Egyptian* Night;
Yet they no sooner on the Stage appear,
But that her Setting-dogs, like Blood-hounds, were
Upon the scent, and never left pursuit,
Until to death they did them persecute.

My

My Royal Edicts this bold Whore has broke,
And on my Neck clapt her Tyrannick Yoke.
Vaſt Treaſures from my Natives were extorted,
And to inrich her Exchequer tranſported.
Prodigious Sums ſhe yearly ſqueezed hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annals, Peter-pence. (led,
And through each Land where ſhe her Triumphs
Whole ſwarms of Locuſts Prieſts and Friers fed,
Theſe (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*)
Were faithful Slaves ſtill to promote her work.
Whilſt to maintain theſe Drones, ſhe ſwept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.
Such as would not be by her Witch-craft led
Were tortur'd, murther'd, burnt or maſſacred.
The Papal Beaſt could in a Frollick tell,
I was his Fountain inexhauſtible.
She planted Prieſts, and Ganamedes ſhe rooted,
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted,
With ſuch a peſt of vile Debaucheries,
As Pagans, Turks and Infidels outvies.
She cruſhes any that her Acts oppoſes;
My Kings ſhe poiſons, murthers or depoſes;
Some ſhe deludes her Sov'reignty to own,
And does inſtruct them to betray the Crown.
Her lurking Imps do menace me with ſtorms,
Like *Egypt*'s Frogs in peſtilential ſwarms.
She is ſo greedy nothing will ſuffice,
Unleſs I'm more a general Sacrifice.
'Tis known to all the Earth, how many ways
She martyr'd Proteſtants in *Marian* days.
Then was I made a diſmal Field of Blood,
Which ran like currents of a ſwelling Flood.
She ſtirs the *Spaniard* in a great bravado,
For to invade me with his proud *Armado*.
The helliſh *Powder Treaſon* ſhe prepares,
At once to blow up Commons, King and Peers.

Her helliſh Brands (without a ſpark of Pity)
Conſum'd to Aſhes my Imperial City.
Nought but my Ruin her can ſatiate,
My Juſtices ſhe does aſſaſſinate.
For many years ſhe has been carrying on
A damn'd Intreague, for my deſtruction.
And all the ways that Satan prompts her to
Contrive my Fall, ſhe's ready ſtill to do.
Her ſpite and malice nothing will abate,
It's ſtill more deadly and inveterate.
Dread Providence ſhall ever have my thanks,
That has defeated her infernal Pranks;
Yet my Complaint is juſt, and I therefore
Do beg juſt Sentence on this bloody Whore.
When ſhe her Plots diſcover'd found, and all
The Train blown up, that was to make me fall.
Much like a Snake diveſted of her Sting,
She hiſt, and at me did her Poiſon fling;
Infecting ſecretly the Air, that Death
Might privately ſteal in, and ſeize my Breath.
Main force once baffl'd, ſhe to Slights repairs;
And firſt ſhe raiſes Jealouſies and Fears;
Broods ill miſtruſt, and makes my Sons to jar,
Again t'imbroil them in a Civil War.
But that not taking, other ways were ſought,
The Plots ſhe hatch'd, ſhe on their Heads has brought,
Suborning Evidence to turn the Scale,
Such Proſtitutes as with her Wind would ſail,
By bribing Gold and Harlots Smiles prevail;
Once ripe for miſchief, they were midwif'd in
In new invented Shapes, (the Man of Sin
With whom this Harlot does combine has more
Diſguiſes than old *Proteus* ever wore,)
Dreſt up I ſay with Bantlings of her own,
Were at the doors of my dear Children thrown:
And

And Out-cries made, that all might notice take
How near the danger was herſelf did make.
Her Vogue is credited, the Train takes fire,
And on the Score the Proteſtants expire.
By Executions rigid hand ſome fall;
Brave *Ruſſel*'s Fate, I as a Witneſs call
'Mongſt many others that reſign'd their breath,
As given up to cloy the Jaws of death;
And made the Strumpet ſmile to ſee their blood,
Thus flow, that had her Projects moſt withſtood.
In cloſe confinement *Eſſex* loſt his life,
Yet doubt'ful how, nor ended ſoon this ſtrife.
Others, I ſpare for brevity to name,
Owe to her Projects both their Death and Shame.
No ſooner *CHARLES* had left our Hemiſphere,
No ſooner that great Star did diſappear,
But ſhe came riding rampant on her Beaſt,
And then the crimſon Harveſt was increaſt,
The Weſt manur'd was with its Natives Gore,
Death ne'r had there ſo rioted before.
Three thouſand to untimely Graves were ſent,
Beſides a number into Baniſhment.
With humane Fleſh the air was putrify'd,
For Burial to the Quarters was deny'd.
On Poles they rolled Sons before the door
Of weeping Parents, dy'd to pleaſe this Whore.
No mournful Cries nor Lamentations mov'd
Her Factors; why? becauſe the blood they lov'd
Of her Opponents; and their Hearts had ſteel'd
Againſt all Mercy, thoſe in Battle kill'd
Could not aſſwage their thirſt, cool Blood deſtroy'd
More than the Sword; unthinking Souls decoy'd
Into the Snare, an equal Fate partake; (ſpeak,
The Judge no Language then but Deaths could
Unleſs the Golden Angels chang'd his Note:
He that was poor the Hangman ſurely got.

Great *Monmouth* once the Nation's Darling ſet
In blood; the City's Favorite met his fate
By ſtrangling; Charity was made a ſin,
And burning the Reward of taking in
Diſtreſſed Strangers; This point being gain'd,
My utter Ruin was the next remain'd.
A ſtanding Army kept my Sons in awe,
And Biaſs'd Magiſtrates diſpens'd with Law.
My Charters all were ſeiz'd, and by Commiſſion
My Prelates ſilenc'd, while *Rome*'s Superſtition
With open face into each corner ſpread,
E'en in the Seed-plots of my Church it bred:
And to eſtabliſh it a Swarm went forth
To regulate and turn out Men of worth.
Placing in truſt Mechanicks, that would pleaſe
The Court, and baſely ſell their Suffrages;
Betray my Int'reſt to my mortal Foes,
Whoſe aim was bent to multiply my Woes:
Who thinking by this means my Laws their own,
My Reverend Prelates were in Priſon thrown,
And try'd as vileſt Criminals, but here
Their Innocence and Heavens juſt Wrath appear
Like blazing Comets, to affright *Rome*'s Train.
My great Protector o'er the ſwelling Main
Guided by Providence, to do me right,
Safely arrives, and puts my Foes to flight.
And all is baffl'd that they had deſign'd,
As Leaves are ſcatter'd by a mighty Wind.

The Evidence ſummed up.

O Gulf of Horror! O profound Abyſs!
Was ever miſchief half ſo black as this!
Thou monſtrous Whore, what Language can expreſs
The boundleſs meaſure of thy wickedneſs!
Throughout the Earth thou haſt ſuch miſchief wrought,
As is amazing to a humane thought.

It would compel a heart of ſtone to melt,
When it revolves what Proteſtants *have felt.*
Thy bloody fury and infernal rage,
Has perſecuted them in every age.
Thou mad'ſt the Magiſtrates their Enemies,
And all the Tortures which thou could'd deviſe,
Thou didſt inflict, as teſtimony ſhows,
Some thou didſt hang by th' Head, ſome by the Toes,
Some millions thou didſt burn and broil on Coles,
And others ſtarve to death in ſtinking holes.
Some thou didſt cut to pieces very ſmall,
And Infants Brains didſt daſh againſt the Wall.
Upon their Bodies thou didſt tread like dung,
Thou hadſt no mercy upon old or young.
By thy curs'd crew were Women raviſhed,
Who then (like Butchers) knockt them on the head.
Some had their Eyes and Tongues by thee pull'd out,
Some were made harborleſs, and forc'd about
To wander, till in Woods and diſmal Caves
They found their woful and untimely Graves.
What rocky heart, but juſtly may admire
Thy rage, that made poor Children to ſet fire
To fatal piles, in which their Parents dear,
In cruel flames, conſum'd to aſhes were?
Thy wicked Agents have ſome Millions ſlain,
Who did endure the moſt inhumane pain.
Thy Biſhops, Monks and Fryers could deviſe,
Whoſe blood to me for ſpeedy Vengeance cries.
The ways thou took'ſt to run a Soul from error
Was unexampled fleſh-amazing terror
Of horrid Racks whereon a Man muſt lie,
Tortur'd to death, and dying cannot die.
Accurſed Wretch! didſt thou not give Commiſſion
For to direct thy bloody Inquiſition?
That loathſome Dungeon and moſt ghaſtly Cell,
A place of horror repreſenting Hell,

Where nothing is ſo plentiful as Tears,
Where martyr'd Proteſtants can find no Ears
To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,
Nor Hearts to pity their extorted Groans;
Where Saints in torments all their daies muſt ſpend
Not knowing when their ſufferings will have end.
Thouſands by thee were in Bohemia *ſlain,*
Whoſe Carkaſſes unburied did remain.
Thou mad'ſt thy Vaſſals fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs penalty than their Damnation.
Didſt thou not promiſe upon that condition
To give them full and abſolute remiſſion?
The vileſt Wretch that on the Earth has ſtood,
You fully pardon'd, if he'd ſhed the blood
Of one Bohemian; *O ſtupendious rage!*
Not to be parallel'd in any Age,
But by thy ſelf, 'twas judg'd De Alva's *Crime*
That he deſtroy'd no more in ſix years time
Than eighteen thouſand ſouls; were they ſo few
In the account of this blood-thriſty Crew!
But if the Wretch (De Alva's) *bloody Bill*
Come ſhort in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with torments dreadful to rehearſe,
The very mention cannot chuſe but pierce
A marble Heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over little ſtill,
His Predeceſſors did enlarge the Bill:
For from the time thy helliſh Inquiſition
Did from the Devil firſt receive Commiſſion,
By cruel Torments (which they ſtill retain)
There were a hundred fifty thouſand ſlain,
From that black ſeaſon when the helliſh rage
Of Jeſuits acted on th' European *Stage*
In England, France, *in* Italy *and* Spain,
By thy accurſed bloody hands were ſlain

Nine

Nine hundred thouſand ſouls, or thereabout,
(E'er many years had run their circuits out)
Of poor Americans, *by cruel* Spain
In fifty years were many Millions ſlain.
The poor Waldenſes *whoſe enlighted Eye*
Thy filthy Whoredoms quickly did eſpy.
Thou haſt with raging Perſecutions rent
And murther'd Parents with their innocent
And harmleſs Babes; thy more than barb'rous Crew
Their curſed hands did in their blood imbrue;
At once were eighty Infants famiſhed,
And many thouſands baſely murthered.
When ſome have fled unto obſcureſt Caves,
Thy Villains made their hiding-place their Graves.
What part of Europe *now can make her boaſt,*
And ſay they have not taſted (to their coſt)
Of thy Malignity? What ſhall I ſay
Of Germany, *whoſe martyr'd Spirits pray*
For ſpeedy Vengeance on thy curſed head?
That Sea of blood thou haſt in Ireland *ſhed,*
Cries night and day for Juſtice; now I fix
My ſerious thoughts upon black ſixty ſix,
Thou bloody Strumpet, how canſt thou repair
The loſs of England's *great Imperial Chair?*
How many rich men were to beggars turn'd,
When that brave Iſle's Metropolis was burn'd
By thy accurſed Imps, Firebrands of Hell,
Incarnate Devils without parallel?
Brave Merchants of their great Eſtates bereft,
To-day Rich men, to morrow nothing left;
Their Wives and Children harbourleſs, became,
Their ſubſtance all conſumed in the flame.
But to conclude, I have not yet forgot
Thy Powder-Treaſon, nor thy modern Plot,
Nor all thy diſmal Villanies that were
Done in the Merindolian *Maſſacre.*

Should I but recapitulate thy charge,
And ſpeak of all the Rogueries at large
'Twould fill vaſt Volumes; Often did I ſee
The Lord of Life was crucify'd by thee
When his dear Members blood by thee was ſhed,
Millions un-numbred baſely murthered.
Yet ſtill thou haſt the impudence to ſay,
That thou art innocent unto this day.
Thou ſhameleſs Curtezan, didſt thou not run
With filthy Panders, and renounc'd the Son
Of Glory? this did thine Eſpouſals break;
Canſt thou deny it? ſhameleſs Strumpet, ſpeak.

Babylon.

I Am the Mother-Church, and hence deny
That filthy Name I am indicted by.
The odious Epithets of Scarlet Whore,
Are daily laid unjuſtly at my door.
I am Chriſt's Church, his Spouſe and only Love,
His undefiled One and ſpotleſs Dove.
Pray then forbear the Sentence, look about
To find that Whore and grand Delinquent out.
Bold Hereticks, who never would adhere,
To the true Faith and Apoſtolick Chair,
Have born my juſt rebukes, ſome more, ſome leſs,
As was their Pride, Rebelljon, Wickedneſs.

Judge.

THou graceleſs Wretch, thou art bereft of ſhame.
How durſt thou thus deny thy proper Name?
Chriſt's Church, his Members never did annoy,
Nor perſecute; and millions thus deſtroy.
'Tis to no purpoſe for thee to diſpute,
For all thy Forgeries I can confute.
I am thy Judge, and never will paſs by
Thy horrid Acts, and bloody Villany.

The

The time's at hand when I'll fulfil my word,
And in just fury draw my glittering sword.
My frown shall make thy proud foundation quake,
And all the pillars of thy house I'll shake.
Dost think, because I did forbear so long,
That I'll revenge not my dear Childrens wrong.
What I resolve to do or will command,
No Pope nor Devil can the same withstand?
He that presum'd great Monarchs to depose,
Shall soon be tumbled down by some of those
Whom he so crush'd; from Hell he did ascend,
And thither shall be flung down in the end.
He'll surely fall and never rise up again;
The hope thou hast of him is therefore vain.
There's no recalling of the Sentence gone,
Thy Execution-day approaches on,
Thy Pardon-Merchants then shall cry and howl,
And thy destruction (in this sort) condole.
'Illustrious City, thou wert great and fair,
'Most brave and sumptuous e'en beyond compare.
'Alas! how quickly are thy Judgments come,
'Thy fall, thy ruin, and thy fatal doom.
'Our Trade is gone, our gainful Merchandize
'Is lost, and no Man does regard our Cries.
'O sad Destruction! we are all undone,
'What shall we do, or whether shall we run?
'O that the Mountains and the Hills would cover
'Us, till the Vengeance of the Lord be over!

Truth.

MOst glorious Judge, since this bold Whore
Her filthy Lewdness and Adulteries, (denies
Let me but prove it, and proclaim her shame,
'Tis known that I a faithful Witness am.
It has been evidenc'd by Vision clear
That some strang Monster should on Earth appear:

Which

Which by imperfect views did firſt amaze
Sagacious minds when they on it did gaze;
Which made mens Judgments to divide aſunder,
To ſee an Object of unuſual Wonder,
A Woman! City! and a Scarlet Whore!
The like on Earth was never ſeen before.
A Woman in her pompous glory dreſt,
And ſitting on a monſtrous horned Beaſt,
Who it decypher'd by prodigious things,
His very Horns (explain'd) are crowned Kings.
And then, this mighty Wonder to complete,
She's placed on a Seven-hilled Seat;
She's ſtyl'd a Woman, and a Whore, becauſe
She once ſubmitted to enacted Laws,
As other Women do, when they do wed
A Huſband, and enjoy a Marriage-bed.
And who this Woman is, ſhall now be known,
Her proper Title is (Great *Babylon*)
Who in great Pomp and Royal State doth ride,
Excelling haughty *Jezebel* in Pride;
Who in our modern times hath boaſting been,
That ſhe rules all men, as a mighty Queen,
Trampling on Kings and crowned Potentates,
Commanding Kingdoms, Common-wealths and States,
Requiring Subjects blindly to obey,
Preſſing the Beaſt, and Horns, to kill and ſlay
At ſuch a rate, as that all Chriſtendom
Like Butchers bloody Shambles are become.
If by this Mark ſhe is not underſtood,
Neither by Garb, Beaſt, Actions, or by Blood,
To other ways of proof I'll quickly come
And ſhew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.
The Woman which th'Apoſtle *John beheld*
Array'd in Purple, and in Pomp upheld
By that blaſphemous, ſcarlet-colour'd Beaſt,
That was with Gold and Stones of value dreſt:

Hold-

Holding a Cup of full Abominations,
And black Pollutions of her Fornications;
That with Great Kings Adultery commits,
And on a Sev'n-hill'd Habitation ſits,
* The holy Angel of the Lord explains * *Rev.*
That 'tis that City which ſo proudly reigns 17.18.
Over the Kings of th' Earth; but all theſe Notes,
And what beſides the bleſſed Spirit quotes,
With Papal *Rome* exactly do agree,
She therefore muſt this bloody Strumpet be.
If all the Marks that of this Whore are given
Will not meet any where ſo plain and even
As on the Church and People I did name,
Then certainly ſhe is the very ſame.
Firſt then, 'tis evident, that there is none
May be ſo fitly ſtyled *Babylon*.
Was *Babylon* a People of Renown?
To that ſame height the Church of *Rome* is grown.
Had *Babylon* a great and Peerleſs King?
This Church can ſhew an Image of that thing.
Did *Babylon* poor *Iſrael* invade?
This Church on *Sion* the ſame Invades made.
Did *Babylon* make *Salem* deſolate?
This hath brought *Sion* near to that Eſtate.
Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their Tears,
Shake Kingdoms, and fill Peoples hearts with fears?
This Church hath done ſo; yea, and far out-done
Her Arch type, and ſo much beyond her run.
Did *Babylon* the Prophets bear away
Into Capivity, and make a Prey
Of all the Treaſure that her hand could find?
This Papal Church is not a whit behind.
On th' ableſt Guides ſhe laid her helliſh hands,
Confining them to Priſon under Bands;
As if 'twere not enough for her do,
She ſeiz'd their Perſons, and their ſubſtance too.

Did

Did *Babylon* God's Worſhip overthrow,
Set up an Idol, and command to bow? (more,
This Church hath done the ſame, yea, and much
Fill'd heaped meaſure, and much running o'er.
'Twas ſhe that took the Word of God away,
And by a String of Beads taught Men to pray.
She robb'd the Layety of the bleſſed Cup,
And ſpoil'd the Feaſt where Children come to ſup,
At the Lord's Table, where they us'd to mind
The bleſſed things their Saviour left behind.
She did ſet up her Superſtitious Maſs,
As rank an Idol as yet ever was;
Commanding adoration to be given
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;
Impoſing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith, and thouſand Superſtitions,
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
She clogs the Conſcience, and to make all well,
Boaſts all her Dictates are Infallible.
Did *Babylon* the burning Work begin?
Make a hot Furnace, thruſt God's Worthies in?
This Church herein hath driven ſuch a trade,
That thouſands, broiling Martyrs ſhe hath made.
She ſets the Pope above the Holy One,
The Great *Jehovah* and his Bleſſed Son.
'Tis ſhe declares him Univerſal Head,
'Tis ſhe forbids the *Bible* to be read.
'Tis ſhe that firſt did from the Faith depart,
'Tis ſhe that wounded *Sion* to the heart.
'Tis ſhe hath been th' occaſion of all evil,
'Tis ſhe advanc'd the Doctrin of the Devil,
'Tis ſhe that taught her Sons to ſwear and lie,
To vouch great Falſhoods, and plain Truths deny.
'Tis ſhe that did forbid the Marriage Bed,
Whilſt her vile Clergy ſuch ill Lives have led.

Was

Was it not she that Canon did create,
Commanding plainly to abstain from meat,
Which God gave licence unto all to eat?
If from this charge she can her self defend,
Then she may make the Judg and Law her Friend,
Or if she can produce another Tribe,
To whom we may this Character ascribe,
With greater clearness than we do to her,
We will consent her Sentence to defer.

Judge.

Rome, since thou canst not make a fair defence,
And shew to all the World thine innocence,
'Tis very evident that all these things,
Have been fulfill'd on Kingdoms and their Kings.
And now, if there no other People be,
That did the like, then thou alone art she.
Let thy Denials trouble Men no more,
Thou only art the bloody Scarlet Whore.
Therefore in Justice I at length am come,
(Being long provokt) to pass thy final doom.

The Sentence.

ROME, *Thou hast been indicted by the Name of* Mystery, Babylon, Mother of Harlots, Scarlet-coloured Whore, *and* False Church, *or* Pretended Spouse of Jesus Christ. *And found guilty of all these horrid and prodigious Crimes following:*

Thou didst first fall from the Holy Religion *of God and his Son, which were established and professed in the* Apostles *time. Thou didst set up the vile Monster the* POPE, the Man of Sin, *that foul, blasphemous* Beast. *Thou didst most sacrilegiously give those Attributes and Titles to him, that belong*

long to Jehovah *and the Great* Emanuel. *Thou mad'st his Decrees in Wicked Councils, above the Laws of God (the Universal Sovereign) Thou hast made void the Laws and Constitutions of the Gospel, forming whole Nations into Churches; though the greatest part do shew themselves the worst of Men. Thou hast made Nurseries of* Priests *and* vile Men, *and impowered them to take Confessions for Mony, and forgive Sins. Thou hast hypocritically abused all sorts of People, by persuading them that thou hast power to heal their Souls here, and help them hereafter, by which cursed frauds thou hast drawn a great part of the Riches of* Europe *into thine unhallowed hands. Thou hast laid* Close Siege *to the Courts of Princes, and drawn them into the highest strains of Wickedness, to commit* Fornication, *promote* Idolatry, *and take away the lives of* Innocents. *Thou hast lain in wait (where they would not fulfil thy bloody and barbarous Lusts) to contrive* Treasons, Sedition *and* Rebellion *against them, to depose and murther them by* Excommunications, Poisons, *and* Powder-Plots. *Thou hast corrupted all Countries and Kingdoms (where thy power extended) by such downright and abominable* Idolatries, *that* Heathens *themselves were never guilty of worse. Thou hast not only countenanced* Stews *and* Brothel-*Houses, where abominable* Sodomy *and* Adulteries *are practised, but even thy very* Nunneries *are become Habitations of Whoredom and Filthiness, the bottoms of whose Motes and Ponds have shewed the Murthers of New-born Babes. Thou hast killed the best Men; thou hast not spared delicate Women and sucking Children. Thou hast made away many Millions both of* Christians *and poor* Heathens. *And after so Hellish a sort,*

that

that the beſt learned Hearts and Tongues want Rhetorick *to ſet it forth; Thou haſt cut them to pieces in cool Blood, thou haſt chained them to Stakes and burnt them. Thou haſt ripped up Women with Child, and raviſhed Women and Maids——and then haſt barbarouſly ſlain them——Thou haſt been guilty of Burying alive, Roaſting upon Spits, ſcalding with burning Oyl and boiling Lead—— Blowing their Heads in pieces with Gun-Powder; thou haſt made Women Widows, Children Fatherleſs; Houſes and Villages, Towns and Cities without Inhabitants. Thou haſt deſtroyed by Fire and Sword, and all manner of Hoſtilities and Outrages. Thou haſt fomented Wars betwixt Kingdoms and Nations. Thou haſt done thy endeavour to make all Men Slaves, but thy own Tribe of* Cardinals, Arch-Biſhops, Biſhops, *&c. Thou haſt murthered multitudes of Souls, as well as deſtroyed multitudes of Bodies. In ſhort, Thou haſt filled the Earth with Corruption and Violence, and loaded it with Oppreſſion, and ſtandeſt in the way of its promiſed Deliverance and Reſtitution. And for all this* Apoſtacy, Oppreſſions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Treaſons *and* Blaſphemies, *with the guilt of a mighty* Maſs of Innocent Blood, *which hath been proved againſt thee, and from which thou canſt not defend thy ſelf, and for which, both by the Law of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughteſt to ſuffer, Thy* Sentence *therefore is*——

Thou ſhalt continue in ſafe Cuſtody till the 1260 Years be expired (*which is now very near*) and then thou ſhalt be taken from off the Beaſt, where thou art imperiouſly mounted, thy Golden Cup (*with which thou haſt deceived the Nations*) ſhall

ſhall be taken out of thy hand, and by the Hand of God, the Horns of the Nations, and Swords of Good Men, thou ſhalt have theſe Judgments come upon thee in one day, *Death, Mourning and Famine*, and thou ſhalt be utterly burnt with *Fire*, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and ſlain her Sovereign; At which all the Hoaſt of Saints and Angels ſhall ſay, *Amen*, ——————

Hallelujah.

THE

THE *AUTHOR's* REQUEST.

I.

SOme things, Great God, my Soul doth long
(to have,
Before these transient days of mine be o'er;
Which things in deep humility I crave,
Before I go from hence, and be no more.
Till my Requests I can of thee obtain,
I shall be fill'd with sorrow, grief and pain.

II.

Alas, my Griefs are now increased double!
O that thou would'st be pleas'd to hear, O Lord!
Then should my Soul be free from inward trouble;
If what I humbly ask thou would'st afford:
Until thy Grace allows me my Request,
I cannot cease, nor give thee any rest.

III.

'Tis not for fading Riches of this World,
Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry;
Such with a puff are oft to nothing hurl'd,
They get them Wings, and from Possessors fly.
All sublunary things uncertain be;
I ask them not, some better thing I see.

IV.

IV

'Tis not for Pleaſures that are tranſitory,
Which fill vain Fancies with a fooliſh Joy;
But for ſome Glimpſes of Diviner Glory,
Which my tranſported Soul longs to enjoy.
Can Riches, Honours, fading Pleaſures give
The things I want, whilſt on the Earth I live?

V.

The things that I am longing to receive,
Moſt precious are; O let me humbly urge,
That thou thy preſence unto me wouldſt give,
My heart from ſin that thou would alſo purge.
Theſe are the things my never-ceaſing Cry
Petitions for; Lord grant them e'er I die.

VI.

Thy preſence does more conſolate my heart,
Than ſweeteſt Hony, or the Hony-Comb:
I will (with *Mary*) chuſe the better part:
'Tis Sin my Soul would be deliver'd from:
Then I thy Name in Songs will magnifie,
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.

VII.

Let thy good Spirit be my bleſſed Guide,
And in thy Houſe let me for ever dwell;
From Goſpel-Truths O let me never ſlide,
Nor find my Conſcience like another Hell:
And I thy Name for evermore ſhall praiſe,
And happy be when I ſhall end my days.

VIII.

Lord, whatſoever my Eſtate is here,
With ſweet Submiſſion let me be content,
When

When I'm moſt troubled, than be thou moſt near,
And never from me thy dear ſelf abſent:
This will my proſtrate Spirit highly raiſe,
And if I ſuffer, to thy Name be praiſe.

IX.

Teach me, I pray thee, that Celeſtial Skill,
My Days to number, as thy Saints have done;
Let me ſtill yield unto thy bleſſed Will,
And wait upon thee till my Glaſs be run:(claim
So ſhall my raptur'd Tongue thy praiſe pro-
And ſing *Hoſannah*'s to thy glorious Name.

X.

O regulate my Tongue, and make me ſee,
How few my days are, & how ſhort their length,
Let all my Truſt be ſtill repos'd in thee;
Relax thy Scourge, or add unto my ſtrength;
Be thou my way, my ſtrength, my light, that I
May learn to live, and in thy favour die.

XI.

When hungry, let thy *Manna* be my Meat;
When circled in the dark, enlighten me;
When I am weary, O! be thou my Seat;
And when impriſon'd, do thou ſet me free;
So fill'd, enlightned, after ſweet repoſe,
Enlarg'd from Bonds, I will thy Praiſe diſcloſe.

XII.

In time of Wrath, when Fury waxes great,
Be thou my Bulwark and ſecureſt Tower;
To thy tranſcending Name let me retreat,
And be defended by thy mighty Power.
Secure me till thy Vengeance is paſt over,
That I thy Praiſes may to all diſcover.

XIII.

XIII.

Let me with Patience run that bleſſed Race,
And from my weights, which very ſore have bin,
Be now ſet free, that with a ſwifter pace
I may the Prize of laſting Glory win.
Be thou my Guide, do thou direct my Path,
Lord give me Patience, & with Patience Faith.

XIV.

Thy Children are as (many) Members joyn'd,
Which make one body whoſe bleſt head thou art,
O cauſe them with an undivided mind
And perfect Union, to have all one Heart:
Then ſhall I hope to ſee a bleſt Increaſe
Of *Sion*'s Glory, and of *Iſrael*'s Peace.

XV.

Thy Children have in many things provok'd
Thee, but in Mercy paſs Offences by.
By Grace, O Lord, let Judgment be revok'd
That they may live thy Name to magnifie;
And I thy Goodneſs will proclaim to all,
And warning take, leſt I my ſelf do fall.

XVI.

Remember *Sion* in her aking grief,
She mourns, ſhe weeps, and is in inward pain,
Do thou in Mercy ſend her ſuch relief
That ſhe (with cauſe) may never more complain;
Then (not till then) my ſorrows will be over,
And I thy Goodneſs will to all diſcover.

XVII.

O let thy Goſpel through the Earth be ſpread!
Rome's black deſign, O let thy Grace prevent!
Permit

Permit not them to grow into a Head,
As they have purpos'd, with a full intent.
Then ſhall I (quickned by a holy Flame)
Aſcribe the Glory to thy Bleſſed Name.

XVIII.

I pray thee ſcatter our inraged Foes,
And baffle all who proudly have combin'd
Againſt thine Heritage, do thou expoſe
Them to be toſt as Chaff before the Wind;
Preſerve thy Flock from bloody *Babel*'s hand,
Eſtabliſh Truth and Quiet in the Land.

XIX.

O God, whoſe dreadful Judgments are ſevere,
And whoſe great Mercy's full of ſweet compaſſi-
Deſtroy thy Churches Foes both far and near, (on
And grant to me the Joy of thy Salvation;
Then will I ſpend the Remnant of my days,
In Pſalms of Thanks to thee, and Hymns of
(Praiſe.

XX.

Make haſte to judge the Perſecuting *Whore*,
Thy righteous Judgments quickly execute;
Let her ſo fall that ſhe may riſe no more
O Lord be pleas'd to grant my earneſt ſuit,
That I may ſee her fall before I die.
That I thy Name may therefore magnifie.

XXI.

O Lord, eſtabliſh thine own Intereſt,
And ſet thy Son upon his bleſſed Throne;
Deſtroy the Kingdom of the Scarlet Beaſt,
Let Chriſt his Foes to conquer now go on,
That on the top of *Sion* I may ſing
Aloud, *Hoſanna* to the higheſt King.

XXII.

XXII.

What thou, O Lord, haſt to thy *Sion* told
Of Bleſſings which thou haſt for her in ſtore:
Them once fulfill'd, O let mine Eyes behold,
And then let me go hence and be no more
In this diſturbing World, but let me be
Tranſlated to a bleſt Eternity.

XXIII.

In all the courſe of my ſhort Pilgrimage,
Be thou my Load-ſtar, let my heedful Eye
Be fixt on thee, that when I leave the Stage,
I may be fitted and prepar'd to die;
That when this tranſitory Life is o'er,
With Angels I may ſing for evermore.

XXIV.

Whate'er of any Suit thou doſt deny,
Grant me true Faith, that I may ſtill believe
That through Chriſt's Ranſom, when I come to dy
A glorious Crown from thee I ſhall receive.
O Lord of Hoſts, vouchſafe me my requeſt,
Let me enjoy but thee, and I will reſt;
For having thee, all precious things I have,
And in the World there's nothing elſe I crave.

AN ALARM To the Wiſe and Fooliſh VIRGINS.

I.

ALL you that fear the Lord, give Ear
To what I do indite,
There is a Cry, the Bridegroom's nigh,
'Tis near the midſt of Night.

II.

Rouſe up, awake, your Lamps to take,
And longer do not ſlumber;
You muſt them trim, to tend on him
Into the Wedding Chamber.

III.

You Virgins all, to you I call,
What Oyl have you in ſtore?
If you have none, you are undone,
Then look to it therefore.

IV.

Watch then alway, Our Lord doth ſay,
None knows the day nor hour;
Watch carefully, for you are nigh
The day of his great Power.

V.

With ſpeed ariſe, lift up your Eyes,
The Day-Star doth appear,
Riſe from your Bed, raiſe up your Head,
Redemption's very near.

VI.

Such as are wiſe, their time do prize,
Preparing for their Lord,
To them he will, his Word fulfil
And his ſweet ſmiles afford.

VII.

But Fools do haſte their times do waſte
In ſleep and ſlothfulneſs;
Yet ſuch preſume they ſhall aſſume
His Glory ne'er the leſs.

VIII.

But they indeed on fancies feed,
'Twill come to ſuch an Ebb,
That they ſhall ſee their hopes will be
Like to the Spider's Web.

IX. The

IX.

They ſtill do keep themſelves aſleep,
And know not where they be,
Were they awake, how would they quake
Their woful State to ſee?

X.

You who remain ſo very vain,
And in a formal ſtate,
And all the while have got no Oil,
You'l mourn when 'tis too late.

XI.

You who profeſs, and not poſſeſs
The Truth in Life and Power;
Your ſtate is bad, and will be ſad
Before this day be o'er.

XII.

You have the Shell, but no Kernel,
The Chaff, but not the Wheat,
The Husks you take and do forſake
Your Souls moſt precious Meat.

XIII.

'Tis the laſt day, O! therefore pray,
And faithful now abide
Unto the Lord with one accord,
And be on the Lamb's ſide.

XIV.

Still have a care, and do not dare
In *Babel* to remain;
For if you do, then you muſt know,
With her you ſhall be ſlain.

XV.

Come, haſte away without delay,
With all ſpeed and endeavour,
Her End is come, her fatal Doom,
Therefore your Souls deliver.

XVI.

You now do hear, her Ruin's near,
Your Sins therefore forſake,
And you'l prevent the puniſhment
Of which ſhe muſt partake.

XVII.

All her Pleaſures and rich Treaſures
Hate as monſtrous evil,
God's Word doth ſhew, who love them do,
Shall go unto the Devil.

XVIII.

You muſt remove, your deareſt Love
From Earth, and things thereof;
For this hath bin a crying Sin,
Now caſt it therefore off.

XIX.

On things above, ſet all your Love,
Affections and Deſire;
Theſe things below, God will o'erthrow
With his Conſuming Fire.

XX.

Alas poor Souls! be not ſuch Fools
To labour for the Wind,
The Wealth you heap, you ſhall not keep,
As you e'er long will find.

XXI.

You muſt not reſt on Self-Int'reſt,
But wholly for the Lord,
He'll elſe at laſt you ſurely blaſt,
According to his Word.

XXII.

There are ſome Men, cry loud, *When, when,*
Wilt thou in Glory come?
But few repent, or do relent,
And pray for his Kingdom.

XXIII.

But ſuch ſhall ſee, with them 'twill be
As when one 'ſcapes a Bear,
Which being gone, Lyons come on,
Which do in pieces tear.

XXIV.

Subdue your Sin; for it hath been
Your greateſt Enemy:
If that does reign, you ſtrive in vain,
You muſt it crucifie.

XXV.

In every Land, there's none ſhall ſtand
And happy be indeed,
But only thoſe whom God hath choſe,
Who on Chriſt Jeſus feed.

XXVI.

O therefore cry continually
For Chriſt and precious Grace,
That being bleſt, you all may reſt
When you have run your Race.

XXVII.

The great Bridegroom when he doth come,
Will all ſuch entertain,
And you ſhall then be happy Men,
And with him ever reign.

XXVIII.

He'll place you high in Majeſty;
Your honour ſhall excel;
And ſo I'll end, who am your Friend
And bid you all Farewel.

BABY-

BABYLON FALLEN;

OR,

Sion's Mourning turned into Joy,

By being favourably relieved from

PERSECUTION, &c.

GReat God, How is my Woe to Gladneſs turn'd!
My Eys are dry'd that have ſome Ages mourn'd.
Thy Mercies are as boundleſs as thy Power,
Proud *Babylon*, that ſought me to devour,
Is fallen by thy juſt Decree, and I
Am rais'd again, that late was doom'd to dye.
Thy mighty Arm was bar'd for my Relief,
When Wave on Wave roll'd on to ſwell my grief.
One Miſchief back'd another, but in vain
Is Force or Policy, if thou ſuſtain.
Although through th' gloomy Vales of Death I go,
And fiery Demons ſeek my overthrow,
What ſhall I fear? If thou my Cauſe wilt fight,
No Plagues that fly by day, nor Shafts by night,
Can overwhelm me; they may make me bow
And ſicken with Affliction; but ſince Thou
Art my Phyſician; Where ſhall be my dread?
'Tis thou in death canſt raiſe me from the dead.
My Joy is full, Let Saints and Angels ſing
Triumph with *Sion* to her Sacred King:

Her King and Spouſe: O! King of Glory come,
Receive thy Hand-maid, and conduct her home,
And place her in the Chambers of thy Love.
Come, King of Glory, take thy ſpotleſs Dove,
Who for thy ſake all Tribulation vies,
All bloody Torments Satan can deviſe
I have out-fac'd, and Roman Rage deſpiſe.
Let rolling Seas of Thunder move before,
To make my Foes know thy Almighty Power,
When thou ariſeſt, to diſcomfit them
That from my Head would take my Diadem.
Let at thy Preſence Earth's Foundations ſhake,
And trembling Nature in Convulſions quake
At thy dread Power, like Chaff before the Wind
Let my Foes fly, and no ſafe Refuge find.
Ariſe, O Lord, that art my ſole delight,
Thou King of Glory, and thou God of Might.
Thine Enemies, O Lord, are put to Rout
When once thy Arrows ſcatter'd are about
Their proud Pavillions. 'Tis the Prince alone
Who truſts in thee that firmly ſits his Throne.
The Whore, the Beaſt, and the falſe Prophets go
To Realms of Weeping and eternal Wo:
In liquid, or in ſolid Fire to dwell
Is all the ſad variety of Hell.
Whilſt ſhe that keeps her *Wedlock Vow* with thee
Rais'd by thy Power, eternal Life ſhall ſee
In endleſs Joys immenſe Felicity.
E'en Joys of which my raviſh'd *Soul* comes ſhort,
No Tongue can tell the Glories of that Court
In which God dwells, where Cherubims reſort,
With all the glitt'ring Hoaſt, to which at laſt
Triumphant I ſhall riſe. The Winter's paſt,
Immortal Spring begins on me to ſmile,
Revives me after all my Care and Toil.

The

The Bridegroom's Voice is now heard in our land,
My Troops of Martyrs and Confeſſors ſtand
In blood-dipt-garments, waiting for the Sign,
That they may in the gen'ral Triumph join;
Longing to ſee the great Tribunal ſpread,
When Sea and Earth muſt render up their Dead.
The craving ſtomach'd Grave no more contain
The glorious Warriors in my Battels ſlain,
Who gain'd by falling in the ſacred Strife,
To ſtand recorded in the Book of Life.
For he that honours him to whom I'm wed
Shall riſe again, and live although he's dead.
The Holy City, New *Jeruſalem*,
Shall be his Portion; there a Diadem,
A Crown of Stars, ſhall brighten on his brow
With all the Pomp Celeſtial Realms allow:
God's Glory there in unapproached Light
Shall dry all Tears, and Sorrows put to flight.
Could all that Earth calls good in one combine
Cou'd all to make one happy *moment* join, (ſhine.
They, like night Glow-worms, to the Sun would
There Fulneſs dwells, and ſtreams of pleaſure flow,
And, in poſſeſſing, more tranſcendent grow.
Rivers of Life ſtream there, eternal Spring
Blooms in Perfection, there glad Angels bring
Ambroſian Nectar, Manna's ſcatter'd there,
And Angel's food ſhall be my Childrens fare.
Whilſt I, a Queen, ſhall ſit the Lamb's dear Bride,
And with him on the Wings of Cherubs ride
O'r glitt'ring Pavements all with Gold beſtead
And raid'ant Glances from his Eyes o'er-ſpread
In beaming Glory my exalted Head.
The Son of Righteouſneſs, my Sacred King,
Shall me into his Bridal-Chamber bring,
And my Redeem'd, Eternal free from Cares,
Shall mount with me above the glitt'ring Stars.

Whilſt ſhadowing Seraphims wing all the way,
And to each other ſhall with wonder ſay,
Who's this that from the Wilderneſs does come,
Whom her Beloved brings in triumph home,
Leaning upon his Breaſt? Ah! 'Tis his Spouſe,
To whom his choiceſt Favours he allows;
She whom he purchas'd with his yielded breath,
And prov'd his love to her more ſtrong than death.
For her his Father's Wrath he underwent,
Whoſe ſhock the *World* would have in ſhivers rent;
Yet he with Meekneſs bore the mighty weight,
Which ſeem'd to crack the moving Wheels of Fate:
Made Nature ſtart, the Sun draw in his light,
And muffle up the World in a ſubſtantial night.
Whilſt the convulſive Globe, teeming with Fire,
And fighting Winds ſickn'd in Labour dire,
With *Earthquakes* groan'd, as if ſhe would expire
Breaking with ſighs the flinty Nerves of Rocks,
Op'ned by force her Adamantine Locks,
And weeping Rivers, breath'd a doleful Cry,
To ſee for Love the King of Glory dye.
Th' affrighted Dead Death's gloomy Kingdom left,
And Pyramids of ſolid Marble cleft,
To re-ſalute the Day, glad to eſpy
The dear effects of their Redemption nigh:
Yet in ſad Pomp ſome Grief at leaſt they ſhow,
That for Man's Sins he who no ſin did know
Should let his rich Redeeming-blood thus flow;
And would have ſtarted at ſuch Love on Earth,
Had they not known it of celeſtial birth.
Thus to his Court with Praiſe and Glory ſpread,
I ſhall be in my beſt Eſpouſals lead.
The faireſt of ten thouſand ſhall embrace
Me in his ſoft Recumbency, whoſe Face,

Tho'

Tho' dazling bright ſhall not *o'erpower* mine eys
For in himſelf my grand perfection lies,
Nothing but Glory can from thence ariſe.
That Terror chang'd to Mildneſs I ſhall find
Which drove impetuous as a ſtormy Wind,
Miriads of rebel Angels to the Abyſs,
Who proudly durſt aſpire to mate his bliſs,
Gloomy as night his Wrath on them he bent,
Graſping ten thouſand Thunders which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their Souls made Scars,
And wither'd all their Strength. In vain in Wars
They ſtrove againſt his Force, and now deſire
Nothing but ſhelter from his burning Ire.
Caſt from the Chryſtal Battlements of Light,
Into the wrathful Plagues of endleſs Night,
Where Sorrow dwells, where Envy and Deſpair
Howl with pale Horrors, and yet worſe they fear:
Shut in a Habitation fraught with flame
Unquenchable, a Houſe of woe and pain.
But why upon this melancholy Theam
Dwell I, who am ſo high in his Eſteem?
O let not Mortals of him raſhly deem,
Who is to me all Love; and yet to attain
The depth of his Eternal ways in vain
For Man to think, all human thoughts come ſhort,
And Reaſon's loſt, that dare ſuch Wiſdom court.
Supreme of things, who in himſelf is pure;
Without defect, eternally ſecure.
Centre of bleſſedneſs, yet here you ſee
He ſometimes thinks affliction good for me,
That I may know my ſelf, and him my Guide,
And not a Wanton prove, but humble Bride.
So a kind Mother lets her Darling run
To dangers brink, which he could never ſhun

With-

Without her timely aid. Then to indear
The more her Love, she snatches him from Fear
And makes him sensible of a maternal Care.
Come all my Children then, with me rejoice,
Lipt up aloud with praise your organ Voice.
Let Heav'n and Earth join their sweet Chorus here,
And all the shouting Sons of Morn appear:
Let all the Stars that guild with gaudy Fire
The Saphire Arch my Spouse's Love admire,
Who raises me, and with me all my Sons
To reign with him in vast Dominions.
Mansions he has prepar'd for his Elect,
And as he has deliver'd, he'll protect.

Sion's Sons.

MOther, your Voice has ravish'd us, and we
Now find our selves from Woes & Dangers free:
Destroying Angels hover now no more
About our Tents, the bloody storm is o'er.
Rome's persecuting Rage at last is spent,
And Comfort from God's holy Hill is sent,
To give refreshment to our drooping Souls,
No Papal Curb, your sacred Rules controls.
Of earthly *Canaan* now we are possest,
And only wait for Heav'n to make us blest.
So lov'd us the Celestial King, that he
Gave us a Monarch, that by his Decree,
Struck off our Chains, and once more set us free.
A Prince, by Fate ordain'd to do us good,
And save the Remnant of our unshed blood.
Like *Moses* in the Gap, he bravely stands,
And stays the bold destroying Angel's hands;
Turns back the Sword upon invading Foes,
And where he pushes on, he overthrows.
Lightning his Courage, breathes in our defence,
As when our Parents lost first Innocence,

The

The Cherub wav'd the flaming Sword about
The Gates of Paradiſe, to keep them out.
Where e'er he darts his Thunder, in the Fight,
Fame leads the left Wing, Victory the right.
Whilſt Honour and immortal Glory fly
Circling about his Standard, and employ
Their utmoſt skill, a Trophy ſo to frame,
As may till time is ſwallow'd up proclaim
His mighty Triumphs, and embalm his Name.
From Shoar to Shoar the Sound of Fame is gone,
Yet that's too poor; it travels with the Sun:
Both Poles it trepidates, and dints the Globe;
And with a ſteady hand graſps Fortune's Robe:
Chains her to his victorious Chariot Wheel,
Whilſt, wanting her, ſucceſleſs Nations reel.
To him War yields where e'r he bends his brow,
And thoſe that knew no pity humbly bow,
And beg ſuch Treatment as he will allow.
Victorious Lawrels ſprout, and green his way
With Wreaths of Triumph; rapid Waves can't
His conqu'ring Arms, all Elements obey; (ſtay
As when old *Jacob*'s Seed o'er *Jordan* paſt,
The Rivers Stream was to its Fountain caſt.
Nature prepoſt'rous in her Work was found,
And covering Waters ſhrunk, and left dry ground
As a free Paſſage, for where God commands
No Element in oppoſition ſtands.
Earth, Air and Water, Fire it ſelf gives way,
All, but Mankind, with readineſs obey.
'Tis Man ſtands out, of all created things,
Each Creature elſe expected Tribute brings;
Anſwers the End of its Creator's will,
And does its Task as its aſſign'd fulfil.
Whilſt Man, who's higheſt ſet, durſt vainly fall,
And was too proud of being rational.

But

But why in Trifles do we ſpend the day
Since higher Glories call our Thoughts away?
Heaven is our Aim, our Travel we begin,
And muſt paſs on to the Celeſtial Inn,
Where all Proviſions made to entertain
Thoſe that can faithful unto Death remain.
Unſpeakable delights are fix'd for thoſe (cloſe:
That ſtand their Ground, and won't with Error
Who in all times no Threats nor Fear can move,
To turn Apoſtates to their plighted Love;
To whom all things below ſeem but as Droſs;
Who count this World compar'd with Heaven but
Refined Souls, that centre not their Eliſs (Loſs.
Beneath the Orb of endleſs happineſs.
Who will not play for Trifles, but will make
Eternal Life and Glory their chief Stake.
No Crowns nor earthly Honour can ſuffice,
Zeal ſpurs them on, and bids their Thoughts ariſe
To more ſublime Deſigns, the Soul's main End;
Which being of Heavenly birth, muſt thither tend.
And what can an immortal Soul do leſs,
Than aim at things that Mortals can't expreſs!
Glories that Reaſon ſickens to believe,
Such Joys as fleſhly Hearts cannot conceive,
Laid up for thoſe that love the Morning-ſtar
Whoſe bright redeeming Luſtre darts from far.
The Roſe of *Sharon*, who does freſh remain;
The Lamb of Life, from Earth's foundation ſlain;
Who ſtands upon Mount *Sion*, to invite
All thoſe to him that lead their Lives aright.
And as their Paſs-port gives them the white Stone
In which a Name is writ to all unknown,
Unleſs the Bearer, and ſo arms his Heart,
That from him Troops of vengeful Demons ſtart,
And give him uncontrolled way to mount,
And ſip the Nectar of Life's ſacred Fount;

Baffles

Baffles Hell's Legions, and confounds their Spite
Hatch'd againſt Souls in ever-during Night;
Heals with his Stripes our Wounds, and ſets us free
From Death's dark Kingdom, endleſs Joys to ſee.
Though for a while we ſuffer'd, yet at laſt
Our Sorrow ends, behind us Woe is caſt.
The crafty Foxes and the foaming Boar
Are barr'd our Vineyard, and ſhall ſpoil no more.
No more pluck off the Branches of our Vine,
Or by rough rooting *Sion* undermine.
Nor Policy nor Force can gain the Field
When we fight ſheltered under Heaven's Shield,
Our Foes may ſnarl, but diſpoſſeſs'd of power,
No more our pleaſant places ſhall devour.
Each now beneath his ſhade may ſit at eaſe,
Fearleſs of Foes, if he his Maker pleaſe.
And who would not adore him, who from harm
Has reſcu'd us with an outſtretched Arm?
O Heaven and Earth, and all the mighty Frame,
Ye Seas and Winds, and bright careering Flame;
Ye bellowing Thunders, and big-ſwollen Clouds,
Ye Hail and Froſt, and ſhivering Snow that ſhrouds
The World in fleecy Whiteneſs, every thing
That is or breaths, your Tribute Praiſes bring!
Sing loud *Hoſanna's* to the God of might
Who takes our part, and does our Battles fight,
Scatters his Arrows, puts our Foes to flight.
Raiſe, raiſe your Voices, till they drown the noiſe
Of loud-mouth'd Cannons, or the Thunder's voice.
With Praiſes ſtorm the Skies; nay, yet riſe higher;
Reach his bright Throne, who ſits in dazling fire,
In Light that dazles the bright Cherubims,
And makes them veil their Faces with their Wings.
Though cloath'd with Light, their Eyes are weak
(in this,
And dimm'd with Radience that too mighty is.

As when admiring Mortals too much gaze
Upon the Sun in its Meridian Blaze,
Find for a time its Beams o'er-power their ſight,
And all things round them ſeem to dwell in night,
Or in a miſt. Let us fall down before
His mighty Footſtool, and with Praiſe adore
The King eternal, who ſo loved Man,
That for his Ranſom he gave up his Son:
And with him has to true Believers given
All things requir'd in Earth and all in Heaven.
True Light of Lights, true Life of Lifes, he's found
To baniſh Nature's darkneſs, cure the Wound
The fatal Serpent gave in Paradiſe,
When Man firſt liſten'd to Hell's dire Advice:
When Envy wrought in the loſt Angel's mind,
That all like him might endleſs ruin find.
Yet by his Malice, what did he procure,
But ſtronger Chains to bind Damnation ſure?

Sion's Friend.

WHat changed Notes are theſe invade my Ear?
The late ſad Sounds like Muſick now appear.
Sion and her Children raiſe their Voice
From doleful Tones, and cordially rejoyce.
I'll ask the Cauſe of ſuch a ſudden change,
To what it tends, and be no longer ſtrange
To her Affairs, who ſhares ſo much my Breaſt,
And's of my Love, as I of hers, poſſeſt.
Great Queen! To you my Salutations bend,
And all good Wiſhes on your State attend.
It joys me to behold your Face grow bright,
Thoſe Clouds of Cares & Sorrows put to flight
That lately made a melancholy night.

Say,

Say, what's the mighty Cauſe, that being known,
My Soul may be with equal Tides o'erflown.

Sion.

O Friend, with me new Robes of Joy put on!
My Winter's paſt, the threatning Storms are gone.
Bleak Winds retire, the ſmiling Spring is come,
My Spices in their fragrant Beauty bloom:
The chearful Birds tune now their warbling Notes
And ſend a pleaſing Quaver from their Throats.
Soft *Zepher* breathes Perfumes, and all is ſeen
Enamel'd o'er upon a ground of Green.
The nipping Froſt from me has made retreat,
Reviving Rays afford me kindly heat.
Ambroſian Flowers appear now in our Iſle,
And modeſt Glories ſeem on me to ſmile.
The Wolves and Beaſts of prey that durſt affright
Me and my Children, now are put to flight,
And unimploy'd, their Projects skulk from day,
That they durſt boldly for my Ruin lay.
My Sighs and Groans have pierc'd the willing Skies
And made, in my defence, that God ariſe:
At whoſe approach the Marble Mountains skip,
Whoſe angry Looks dry up the ſwelling Deep;
And in his Fiſt can hold the ſtrugling Wind,
Who rears the humble, curbs the haughty Mind,
Whoſe Will is Fate, whoſe Power is unconfin'd.

Sion's Friend.

HOw came this *ſudden Change* to dry your tears
And baniſh from you Legions of ſad fears?
At which, tho' valiant, you late trembling ſtood,
As apprehending Deluges of Blood

Would

Would *ſtream* again from your *long wounded ſide*,
And o'r your Head the *Scarlet Strumpet* ride,
Glitt'ring more gaudy in her impious Pride.

Sion.

MY God, who never ſlumbers (in's ſublime
Eternal Wiſdom) thought it now the time
To raiſe my Head, and huſh my waſtful Woes,
To lift me up above my mighty Foes. (way
He bow'd the Heavens, the routed Clouds gave
At his Approach, before him march'd Diſmay,
Fear and Aſtoniſhment, who fill'd each Breaſt
That Lawleſly had Laws and me oppreſt.
Too late Remorſe with him was ſet aſide,
The Winds and Waves conſent to curb their Pride.
For at his Word both Elements obey
To make his Darling fav'rite Prince away
O'r ſwelling Floods, whoſe Sword unfelt, to flight
Put thoſe that threaten'd me, and ſet me right
In what was taken or purloin'd: his Name
Gain'd Towns and Armies e'er the breath of Fame
Could ſound his coming; to the fartheſt Shoar
This is the Monarch did my Joys reſtore,
Blaz'd like a Comet o'er each guilty Head,
And Joy into the Hearts of good Men ſpread.
Nay further, puſhing on Wars glorious Toil,
Late bleeding *Ireland*'s reſcu'd from the Spoil.
The Foe's o'erthrown by dint of Sword in rout,
And, yielding Towns, no longer dare hold out.
The ſwelling *French-man* ſpent his Stores in vain
As well on Land, as on the watery Plain:
Theſe to a Monarch's Vertues needs muſt yield,
When ſhelter'd Nations fight behind his Shield;
To whoſe relieving Sword *Victoria*'s ty'd;
A King oft in War's rougheſt Dangers try'd.

For

For ſtill when he wou'd brave Exploits aſſume,
Fortune delay'd not, but was proud to come,
And ſend him with triumphant Lawrels home.
The Queen too bears in this a Royal ſhare,
Good as ſhe's Great, and Vertuous as Fair,
To me and mine a bleſt indulgent Pair.
Yet let's look up from whence theſe Bleſſings ſpring,
That we may ſee how the Celeſtial King
Has ſhadow'd us beneath his out-ſpread Wing.
Let's Anthem forth his Praiſe, that all may hear,
And put on Holy, Reverential Fear.

A N

AN
Anthem ſung in Chorus
BY
Sion, her Sons and Friends.

I.

HOW excellent, O Lord's, thy holy Name
In all the Earth! Who can thy Wonders tell?
They are not bounded in the breath of Fame,
Nor on the Tongues of Mortals can they dwell.

II.

O raiſe our Thoughts, and let our Souls aſcend,
That we may truly know, without thy aid,
We cannot 'ſcape thoſe Darts that Hell does ſend
From cruel hands, to make our Spirits fade.

III.

But if thou lead'ſt, we'll follow fearleſs through
The vales of death; no danger ſhall affright,
Nor terrors our undaunted Souls ſubdue;
For with thee darkneſs is as noon-day light.

IV.

Therefore to thee be Glory, Might and Power,
Praiſe, Majeſty, Dominion, endleſs Bliſs,
Who do'ſt on us perpetual Favours ſhower,
And crown'ſt thy Servants with true happineſs.

FINIS.